

Newport Mercury.

WHOLE NUMBER 0000

NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 1, 1921

VOLUME CLXIII - NO. 17

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors,
A. H. SANBORN,

Mercury Building,
117 Thayer Street,
Newport, R. I.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 3d, 1873.

Established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. In the course of its history it has been, and is still, the most popular newspaper in the United States. It is a three-quarter weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected advertising and valuable serials and household departments, reaching to many households in the United States. The classified space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BEACH COMMISSION

The Newport Beach Commission is assembling the data which it has collected during its tours for the last few weeks, and finds that a large amount of information is available. The members have not yet completed their investigations of similar enterprises but will visit New York within a short time to look over some beaches there that are under the administration of the borough of Brooklyn.

The Commission has also turned its attention to the portion of Easton's Beach that lies across the creek in the town of Middletown, that part being generally known as Atlantic Beach. This has been the cause of considerable friction in the town of Middletown and it is not impossible that some plan may be worked out to benefit both communities. A suggestion of mutual policing and even of a metropolitan beach system has been suggested to representatives of the town of Middletown and the matter is now under consideration.

The Newport Beach Commission has given a great deal of study to the whole question, and the people of Newport will be greatly interested in the announcement of their recommendations for the future of the Beach. Definite action will need to be taken within a reasonable time in order that the new management, whatever that may be, may have time to get the Beach into reasonable condition for another season. If the Beach is again leased outright, it may take considerable of the winter time to formulate plans, secure the capital and organize a working force to start operations as soon as the weather permits in the spring. But at least the people of Newport are interested—greatly so.

Things continue to look very blue for the future of the Newport Naval Training Station. The forces are now reduced to the very lowest possible number, and a naval officer who has been in close touch with affairs in Washington stated this week that the Station would be wholly closed before Christmas. In the meantime a number of agencies are at work in an eleventh hour effort to prevent this disaster. The Chamber of Commerce is doing what it can, the board of aldermen have taken the matter in hand, and Governor San Souci is exerting himself to secure the support of New England Executives in an effort to have the Station retained here. The sentiment seems to be, however, that action has been deferred too long.

Seems quiet here this fall with no political activity to awaken the voters. While biennial elections in State masters have been in effect for some few years, this will be the first year in which there has been no municipal election.

The Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company is making plans to improve the surroundings upon its wharf in Jamestown. Rumor has it that orders will be placed for a new ferry boat in the near future, so that better service can be given another year.

A drive for the benefit of Newport County Council of the Boy Scouts is about to be inaugurated in Newport. The headquarters of the committee is in the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Frank G. Kendall of the T. M. Seabury Company is enjoying his annual vacation.

TO ZONE THE CITY

The problem of dividing the city into zones, in accordance with a bill passed by the legislature, is one that is giving considerable concern to Newporters at present. There have lately been a number of invasions of select residential districts by business concerns, and these have led the Chamber of Commerce as well as the board of aldermen to give serious thought to the problem of protecting property owners from such reduction in property values. The Chamber of Commerce committee held a meeting this week to study the matter, at which representatives of the board of aldermen were present. Mr. William H. Harvey set forth the legal aspect of the matter, finding that retroactive legislation was possible, so that there need be no unnecessary hindrance in framing the laws. It was thought advisable to make every effort to adopt the best and most rigid law possible, and for that purpose a commission may be sought from the representative council. While this may delay action for a short time at the outset, the retrospective possibilities of such legislation make a feeling of greater security among property owners.

The principal cause of the present interest in the matter is the appearance of store property in the Broadway district. The stores in the former Vose building, near the head of Bliss Road are progressing rapidly, and Mr. David J. Byrnes has his plans well under way for a business block at the corner of Broadway and Mulberry Road. The plans have been submitted to the building department of the city, and call for only a one-story building, built with sufficient strength to permit the addition of further stories later if conditions should warrant. Another block already underway, which it is presumed will be for business purposes, is that being built by Mr. P. H. Horgan on the former Easton property at the corner of Broadway and Gould street. The former Easton house has been carried to the back of the lot and the foundation walls to support it are now pretty well along. Further excavation is now going on. It would seem that the property available for small stores would soon be more than is required for the dwindling requirements of Newport.

Edmund E. Berube of Fall River was given a hearing before Judge Baker in the district court last Saturday on a charge of manslaughter. At the conclusion of the hearing he was adjudged probably guilty and was released on \$3000 bail to await the action of the October grand jury. Berube was the driver of the truck that struck and killed Maxine Borden in Portsmouth on September 3. The testimony in the court showed that the girl ran out from behind another car directly in the path of the truck. On the other hand, witnesses testified that the truck was proceeding at a high rate of speed.

The rooms of the Art Association were the scene of pretty reception last Saturday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Titus entertained in honor of their daughter-in-law and son, Mr. and Mrs. Augustin C. Titus, at the same time observing the 26th anniversary of their own marriage. Mrs. Henrietta C. Titus, mother of Mr. Titus, attended, as well as two sisters, Mrs. J. Clark Brown of Salem and Mrs. H. B. Hanson of Yonkers.

Announcement is made that Federal agents will stop the sale of ingredients for home-brewed beer, thus breaking up a large business. Most of the grocery stores in Newport carry the "makings" and have apparently found a ready demand for them. Even the five and ten cent stores carry the tops and other things for home bottling.

The return to standard time last Sunday brought a big demand upon the dealers in electrical supplies for new lamps. Many persons had allowed their supplies to get low during the summer months and did not notice the deficiency until the shorter daylight hours emphasized their needs.

Commandant and Mrs. Charles Gunn of the Salvation Army have gone to Gloucester to take up the work of the Army there and Captain and Mrs. Farmer have arrived to relieve them of their duties in Newport.

The battleship Maryland has sailed from Newport leaving quite a gap in the harbor and a noticeable decrease in the number of men ashore. Newport will soon cease to have the appearance of a naval station.

This has been observed as "no accident" week in Newport, with a total of accidents of a preventable nature probably above the average. It generally works out that way.

Mr. Frank G. Kendall of the T. M. Seabury Company is enjoying his annual vacation.

SUPERIOR COURT

The October session of the Superior Court will open in this city on Monday next, and it gives promise of being a busy term. There are a number of cases awaiting the action of the grand jury which will be sworn in on the opening day, and there are also several appeals from sentences of the lower court, in most of which Chief of Police Tolson is the complainant. Many of these involve violation of the liquor laws, while second in number comes for violation of the automobile laws.

There are many divorce cases ready for trial at this term of the court. The new divorce cases whose return day was the third Monday in September, are as follows: Verna Josephine Hillen vs. William Alvin Hillen, Edith W. Dubitsky vs. Joseph Dubitsky, Marley K. Putman vs. Frank W. Putman, Rachel Kalser vs. Philip Kalser, Henry H. Britt vs. Emma Caroline Britt, Ethel M. Polton vs. Stothard R. Polton, Florence May Lawrence vs. Clarence Anderson Lawrence, Anna D. Grady vs. Timothy M. Grady, Frank Robert Strack vs. Lillian Cecilia Strack, Mary A. Feller vs. Louis J. Feller, Clara M. Cook vs. John O. Cook, Charlotte B. Dutton vs. Henry R. M. Dutton, Josephine C. Livingston vs. Thomas Livingston, Judith Holt vs. John E. Holt, Margaret Thornton Blythe vs. George Hubert Blythe, Frank Lopez vs. Maria Lopez, Esther G. Fournier vs. Arthur W. Fournier, Jr., Clara Stanley Sullivan vs. Michael Sullivan, Alice McCarthy Little Jounsberry vs. James Jounsberry, Loretta B. Johnson vs. Charles C. Johnson, Clarence E. Winslow vs. Bertha M. Winslow, Nellie Noonan vs. Arthur C. Noonan, Maud E. Purry vs. Elrum E. Purry.

There are many civil actions for assignment, and many new petitions for naturalization.

TO BOOM JUDGE BAKER

Under the auspices of the Newport County Bar Association a well attended clambake was held at Cherry Neck Club on Thursday afternoon, at which the Newport County delegation in the General Assembly were the special guests. The meeting was for the purpose of advancing the candidacy of Judge Hugh B. Baker for the Superior Court Bench, and the New Dealers are bound to stand behind him regardless of political affiliation. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one, and stirring addresses were made by President Frank F. Nolan of the Bar Association, Mr. William H. Harvey, Senator Max Levy and others.

The New Dealers are making a determined effort to place Judge Baker on the Superior Court Bench, and are working actively among all the members of the General Assembly to bring about this result. While all things political are uncertain, it looks as though Newport's favorite son might have a good chance of promotion. If ability and judicial temperament count for anything, he is sure to win.

Eminent Commander Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, of Washington Commandery, and Monarch William H. Evans, of Kolah Grotto, have appointed committees to represent the two bodies in the contests for the Edward A. Sherman cup for the best Drill Corps. The committee from the Commandery consists of William M. Thompson, Herbert C. Lawton and Alva H. Sanborn, and from Kolah Grotto of William H. Evans, William Knowles and Dr. C. Edward Farnum. No plans have yet been made for the first contest. The terms of the gift are that the cup shall be the permanent property of the organization winning it for three successive times.

It is encouraging to learn that there will be a reduction in the charges for light and power furnished by the Newport County Electric Company. The new rates have been approved by the Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island. Now if some one will bring down the price of coal we can all be happier.

Some rents in Newport have come down a little. But there will probably be little reduction in heated apartments as long as the price of coal continues at its present exorbitant figure.

The uniformed units of Kolah Grotto, including the Band, Drum Corps and Patrol, will give a hal masque in Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, October 12.

The regular weekly dances of the Commandery Drill Corps were resumed to Masonic Hall on Friday evening for the fall and winter.

Mr. John T. Delano, who has been quite ill for some time, is again able to attend to his duties at the Newport Trust Company.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

At a special meeting of the school committee last week, the crowded condition of the Rogers High School came in for considerable consideration. Headmaster Thompson explained that the present enrollment is 872, a large increase over last year, and that the present staff of teachers cannot give attention to all these pupils. He needed an English teacher, a Science teacher, and an assistant for Stonography. In addition, more books are needed to accommodate the larger classes. It was voted to allow the committee on teachers to secure the three teachers with power to net in fixing salaries. An appropriation was also made for the purchase of needed books.

There was some discussion of the deficit that will soon result because of the failure of the representative council to make the appropriation asked for by the school department at the beginning of the year. There was a suggestion that the council should be asked for an additional appropriation to finish out the year, but the majority of the board felt that the department had full authority to go ahead and that it was up to the council to find the money to pay the bills without further notification.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held Wednesday evening this week, because of the outline of the Newport County Bar Association on Thursday. There was considerable business to come before the board, including a communication from the Miantonomi Park Commission. This report submitted bids for building a wall on the east side, and recommended the acceptance of the bid of J. Brow for \$380. The contract was approved by the board. There was also a communication from the Chamber of Commerce recommending that the council appoint a commission to look into the matter of city zoning. This was approved and referred to the representative council.

The report of the committee on auto hackney licenses, which was laid on the table for further study at the previous meeting, was approved and its recommendations adopted. This makes more stringent rules for the control of public autos and should result in better supervision of those engaged in the business.

A great deal of routine business was transacted and many licenses for various purposes were granted.

CARD-STODDARD

Miss Charlotte R. Stoddard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Stoddard, was united in marriage on Saturday last to Mr. Harold H. Card of Providence, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Charles W. Forster at the residence of the bride's parents. In the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The bride wore a wedding gown of white organdy, with a tulip veil caught up with orange blossoms. She was attended by Miss Beatrice Lockrow as bridesmaid, and Mr. Ralph Card of Providence was the best man.

Mr. George L. Hinckley has returned from his annual vacation, which was spent in northern New England, and has resumed his duties as librarian of the Redwood Library. Previous to starting upon his vacation Mr. Hinckley submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital and still finds his strength somewhat normal.

The Rogers High School Athletic Association will hold another tag day on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of paying off the accumulated debt of the past year and of starting off the new football team right. The tag day last year netted about \$600 and the committee hope to have even greater success this year.

There is a rumor to the effect that Captain Frank Taylor Evans may be the next commanding officer of the Naval Training Station here, if there should be a next commanding officer. Captain Evans is a son of the late "Fighting Bob" Evans and has a host of friends in Newport.

The Newport Paper & Grocery Company has taken over the D. E. Young store on Thames street and will look after the business to protect its own interests and those of the owner, with the hope of disposing of the whole business in a short time.

Mr. Edward O. Jackson, who has been quite ill for some time, is able to be out and to attend to his duties at the Federal building.

St. Paul's Lodge of Masons will hold its annual Ladies' Night at Masonic Hall on November 17.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of James H. Barker

James H. Barker died at his home on Paradise Avenue on Saturday, September 23. When only in his teens, James H. Barker, who was born in Newport, came to work on the farm of Stephen H. Congdon in Middletown. To work on a farm in the seashore, meant work of the hardest kind. Then there were few labor saving machines in use, the mowing machine and the hay tedder were the principal ones, not even the spring-tooth hay rakes with a seat was in use. At this time Mr. Congdon cultivated several farms, had many pairs of oxen and teams which were kept in constant use, in cutting seaweed and in carrying on the many kinds of work required to plant, cultivate and harvest the crops. Mr. Congdon was an energetic and progressive farmer, and insisted on the work being thoroughly done in all particulars. It is obvious that a lad willing to work and glad of the opportunity would soon become a useful farmer under the conditions found on Mr. Congdon's farm. And so it proved in the case of Mr. Barker. When he came to Middletown and began to run a farm for himself, he displayed the same energy, ability and thoroughness shown by Mr. Congdon in the management of his farm. Whatever his hand found to do, Mr. Barker did it with all his might, and whether working for himself, the town or the church. He employed many laborers on his farm, chiefly of Portuguese descent. He started many a Portuguese boy in his work as a laborer as soon as he came to America, was patient, considerate and forbearing with the green man, and thereby was instrumental in making many competent farm laborers and useful men. In other ways he had befriended and assisted the Portuguese, and he was highly respected and esteemed by those people and regarded as one of their chief benefactors on the island. In an age largely given to self-seeking and self-indulgence, it is refreshing to find a man wholly unselfish, willing to sacrifice himself, his time and his means for the welfare of others. Such a man was Mr. Barker. If space permitted, instances could be given of his thoughtful care and attention for the safety and well-being of others, in times of storm and adversity. Without disparaging other commendable traits in the character of our deceased friend and townsmen, his untiring industry and his unselfish devotion in ministering to the necessities of others could not fail of recognition. In conclusion it may be affirmed that our departed friend exemplified in a marked degree the admonition of St. Paul to be "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord" and serving his fellows also.

Death of Norma E. Peckham

Norma Elizabeth Peckham, the 10-year-old daughter of Joseph A. and Ella Farnum Peckham, died at the home of her parents on Wapping Road. She had been ill for a long time. She was of a loyally disposition and will be greatly missed. She was a member of the Girl Scouts, Forget-Me-Not Troop No. 9.

The funeral was held from her home on Saturday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Andrew S. Muirhead of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The interment was in the Methodist Episcopal cemetery.

The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, among them being a basket of carnations and roses from the Epworth League, of which she was a member, and a basket of white carnations and forget-me-nots from the Forget-Me-Not Troop of Girl Scouts, and many other pieces.

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Norma Elizabeth Peckham, the 10-year



CHAPTER I.

They had seen the fog rolling down the coast shortly after the Maggle had rounded Pillar Point at sunset and headed north. Captain Scraggs had been steamboating too many unprofitable years on San Francisco bay, the Suisun and San Pablo sloughs and Dogholes and the Sacramento river to be deceived as to the character of that fog, and he remarked as much to Mr. Gibney. "We'd better turn back to Halfmoon bay and tie up at the dock," he added.

"Calamity hawker!" retorted Mr. Gibney and gave the wheel a spoke or two. "Scraggy, you're enough to make a real sailor sick at the stomach."

"But I tell you she's a tale fog. She rises up in the marshes of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, drifts down to the bay and out the Golden gate and just naturally blocks the wheels of commerce while she lasts. Why, I've known the ferry boats between San Francisco and Oakland to get lost for hours on their twenty-minute run—and all along of a blasted tale fog."

"I don't doubt your word a mile, Scraggy. I never did see a ferry-boat skipper that knew shucks about sailing," the impermeable Gibney responded. "Me, I'll smell my way home in any tale fog."

"Maybe you can an' maybe you can't, Gib, although far be it from me to question your ability. I'll take it for granted. Nevertheless, I ain't a-goin' to run the risk o' you havin' control o' the nose an' confusin' your amens tonight. You ain't got nothin' at stake but your job, whereas if I lose the Maggle I lose my hull for 'tude. Bring her about, Gib, an' let's hustle back."

"Don't be an old woman," Mr. Gibney pleaded. "Scraggs, you just ain't got enough works inside you to fill a wrist-watch."

"I ain't a-goin' to poke around in the dark an' a tale fog, feelin' for the Golden gate," Captain Scraggs shrilled peevishly.

"H—l's bells an' panther tracks! We got us old cooners, an' if I toll them we can't help gettin' home."

Captain Scraggs laid his hand on Mr. Gibney's great arm and tried to smile paternalistically. "Gib, my dear boy," he pleaded, "control yourself. Don't argue with me, Gib. I'm master here an' you're mate. Do I make myself clear?"

"You do, Scraggy. But it won't avail you nothin'. You're only master because of gentleman's agreement between us two, an' because I'm man enough to figure there's certain rights due you as owner o' the Maggle. But don't you forget that accordin' to the records o' the inspector's office, I'm master o' the Maggle, an' the way I figure it, whenever there's any call to show a little real seamanship, that gentleman's agreement don't stand."

"But this ain't one o' them times, Gib."

"You're whistlin' it is. If we run from this here fog, it's skids to bathtubs—we don't get into San Francisco bay an' discharged before six o'clock tomorrow night. By the time we're taken on coal an' water an' what-all, it'll be eight or nine o'clock, with me an' McGuffey entitled to muddle three dollars overtime an' havin' to argue an' scrap with you to git it—not to speak o' havin' to put to sea the same night so's to be back in Halfmoon bay to load bright an' early next mornin', Scraggy, I ain't no right bird on this run."

"Do you mean to defy me, Gib?" Captain Scraggs' little green eyes gleamed balefully. Mr. Gibney looked down upon him with tolerance, as a Great Dane gazes upon a fox terrier. "I certainly do, Scraggy, old pepper-pot," he replied calmly. "What're you goin' to do about it?" The ghost of a smile lighted his jovial countenance.

"Nuthin'—now, I'm helpless," Captain Scraggs answered with deadly calm. "But the minute we hit the dock you an' me parts company."

"I don't know whether we will or not, Scraggy. I ain't headed right headed to hit the beach on such short notice."

"To get the police to remove you, you blistered pirate," Scraggs screamed now quite beside himself.

"Tes! Well, the minute they let go of me I'll come back to the S. S. Maggle and tear her apart just to see what makes her go." He leaned out the pilot-house window and snarled. "Take fog, all right, Scraggs. Still, that ain't no reason why the ship's company should fast, is it? Quit kickin' with me, little one, an' see if you can't wrangle up some ham an' eggs. I want my eggs sunny side up."

Sensing the futility of further argument, Captain Scraggs sought solace in a scream of adjectival opprobrium plainly meant for Mr. Gibney but delivered, nevertheless, impersonally. He closed the pilot-house door furiously behind him and started for the galley.

"Some bright day I'm goin' to git tired o' hearin' you curse my proxy," Mr. Gibney bawled after him, "an' when that fatal time arrives I'll scatter a can o' Kill-Flea over you an' the ship's company. I know you to more."

"Oh, go to—glory, you pig-train polisher!" Captain Scraggs tossed back at him over his shoulder—and honor was satisfied. In the lee of the pilot house Captain Scraggs paused, set his infamous old brown derby hat on the deck and leaped furiously upon the deck with both feet. Six times he did this; then with a blow of his fist he knocked the ruff back into a semblance of its original shape and immediately felt better.

"If I was you, skipper, I'd hold my temper until I got to port; then I'd



"Certainly do, Scraggy, Old Pepper-Pot." He Replied Calmly.

git Angel an' rockit my troubles inexpensively," somebody advised him.

Scraggs turned. In a little square hatch the head and shoulders of Mr. Bartholomew McGuffey, chief engineer; first, second and third assistant engineer, oiler, wiper, water-tender, and cook-passenger of the Maggle appeared. He was standing on the steel ladder that led up from his sturdy engine room and had evidently come up like a whale, for a breath of fresh air. "The way you ruin them bonnets o' yours sure is a scandal," Mr. McGuffey concluded. "If I had a temper as nasty as yours I'd take soothin' syrup or somethin' for it."

Before proceeding further with this narrative, due respect for the reader's curiosity directs that we diverge for a period sufficient to present a brief history of the steamer Maggle and her peculiar crew. We will begin with the Maggle.

She had been built on Puget sound back in the eighties, and was one hundred and six feet over all, twenty-six feet beam and seven feet draft. Driven by a little steeple compound engine, in the pride of her youth she could make ten knots. However, what with old age and boiler scale, the best she could do now was six, and had Mr. McGuffey paid the slightest heed to the limitations imposed upon his steam gauge by the supervising Inspector of boilers at San Francisco, she would have been limited to five. Each annual inspection threatened to her last, and Captain Scraggs, her sole owner, lived in perpetual fear that eventually the day must arrive when, to save the lives of himself and his crew, he would be forced to ship a new boiler and renew the rotten timbers around her deadwood. She had come into Captain Scraggs' possession at public auction conducted by the United States marshal, following her capture as she sneaked into San Francisco bay one dark night with a load of Chinamen and opium from Ensenada. She had cost him fifteen hundred hard-earned dollars.

Scraggs—Phineas P. Scraggs, to employ his full name—was precisely the kind of man one might expect to own and operate the Maggle. Instant, snagle-toothed and furtive, with a low cunning that sometimes passed for great intelligence, Scraggs' character is best described in a homely American word. He was "orner."

A native of San Francisco, he had grown up around the docks and had developed from messboy on a river steamer to master of bay and river steamboats, although it is not of record that he ever commanded such a craft. Despite his "ticket" there was none so foolish as to trust him with one—a condition of affairs which had tended to sour a disposition not naturally sweet. The yearning to command steamboat gradually had developed into an obsession. Result—the fast and commodious S. S. Maggle, as the United States marshal had had the audacity to advertise her.

In the beginning, Captain Scraggs had planned to do bay and river towing with the Maggle. Alas! The first time the unfortunate Scraggs attempted to tow a heavily laden barge up river, a light fog had come down, necessitating the frequent blowing of the whistle. Following the sixth long

blast, Mr. McGuffey had whistled Scraggs on the engine-room bowlers swearing horribly, he had demanded to be informed why in this and that the skipper didn't leave that god-damned whistle alone. It was using up his steam faster than he could manufacture it. Thereafter, Scraggs had used a patent foghorn, and when the honest McGuffey had once more succeeded in conserving sufficient steam to crawl up river, the tide had turned and the Maggle could not back the ship. McGuffey declared a few new holes in the hull would do the trick, but on the other hand, Mr. Gibney pointed out that the old craft was practically punk aft and a stiff tow would jerk the tiller off the old girl. In despair, therefore Captain Scraggs had abandoned bay and river towing and was prepared to jump overboard and end all, when an opportunity offered for the freighting of garden truck and dairy produce from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco.

But now a difficulty arose. The new run was an "outside" one—salt water all the way. Under the ruling of the inspectors, the Maggle would be running constable the instant she engaged in the green-pea and string-bean trade, and Captain Scraggs' license provided for no such contingency. His ticket entitled him to act as master on the waters of San Francisco bay and the waters tributary thereto, and although Scraggs argued that the Pacific ocean constituted waters "tributary thereto," if he understood the English language, the inspectors were obdurate. What if the distance was less than twenty-five miles? they pointed out. The voyage was undeniably crosswise and carried with it all the risk of wind and wave. And in order to impress upon Captain Scraggs the weight of their authority the inspectors suspended for six months Captain Scraggs' bay and river license for having dared to negotiate two crosswise voyages without consulting them. Furthermore, they warned him that the next time he did it they would condemn the fast and comodious Maggle.

In this extremity, Fato had sent to Captain Scraggs a large, imposing, capable, but socially indifferent person who responded to the name of Adelbert P. Gibney. Mr. Gibney had spent part of an adventurous life in the United States navy, where he had applied himself and acquired a fair smattering of navigation. Prior to entering the navy he had been a foremast hand in clipper ships and had held a second mate's berth. Following his discharge from the navy he had sailed crosswise on steam schooners, and after attending a navigation school for two months, had procured a license as chief mate of steam, any ocean and any tonnage.

Unfortunately for Mr. Gibney, he had a falling. Most of us have. The most gentle fellow in the world, he was cursed with too much brains and imagination and a thirst which required quenching around pay day. Also, he had that honest habit of command which is inseparable from a born leader; when he held a first mate's berth, he was wont to try to "run the ship" and, on occasions, laid out suggestions to his skipper. Thus, in time, he acquired a reputation for being unreliable and a windbag, with the result that skippers were wary of engaging him. Not to be too profit, at the time Captain Scraggs made the disheartening discovery that he had to have a skipper for the Maggle, Mr. Gibney found himself reduced to the alternative of longshore work or a festive berth in a windswept bound for blue water.

With alacrity, therefore, Mr. Gibney had accepted Scraggs' offer of seventy-five dollars a month—"and found"—to skipper the Maggle on her crosswise run. As a first mate of steam he had no difficulty inducing the inspectors to grant him a license to skipper such an abandoned craft as the Maggle, and accordingly he hung up his ticket in her pilot house and was registered as her master, albeit, under a gentleman's agreement with Scraggs he was not to claim the title of captain and was known to the world as the Maggle's first mate, second mate, third mate, quartermaster, purser and freight clerk. One Nels Halvorsen, a solemn Swede with a placid, docile disposition, constituted the fo'castle hands, while Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type but slower-witted, reigned supreme in the engine room. Also his case resembled that of Mr. Gibney in that McGuffey's job on the Maggle was the first he had had in six months and he treasured it accordingly. For this reason he and Gibney had been inclined to take considerable slack from Captain Scraggs until McGuffey discovered that, in all probability, no engineer in the world, except himself, would have the courage to trust himself within range of the Maggle's hoppers, and, consequently, he had Captain Scraggs more or less at his mercy. Upon imparting this suspicion to Mr. Gibney, the latter decided that it would be a cold day indeed when his ticket would not constitute a club wherewith to make Scraggs, as Gibney expressed it, "milud his P's and Q's."

It will be seen, therefore, that mutual necessity held this queerly assorted trio together, and, though they quarreled furiously, nevertheless, with the passage of time their own weaknesses and those of the Maggle had aroused in each for the other a curious affection. While Captain Scraggs frequently "pulled" a monumental bluff and threatened to dismiss both Gibney and McGuffey—and, in fact, occasionally went so far as to order them off his ship, on their part Gibney and McGuffey were wont to work the same racket and resign. With the subsidence of their anger and the return to reason, however, the trio had a habit of meeting accidentally in the Bowhead saloon, where, sooner or later, they were certain to bury their grudge in a foaming beaker of steam beer, and return joyfully to the Maggle.

Some bright day I'm goin' to git tired o' hearin' you curse my proxy," Mr. Gibney bawled after him, "an' when that fatal time arrives I'll scatter a can o' Kill-Flea over you an' the ship's company. I know you to more."

Nels Halvorsen, colossally designated as "The Squarehead," was the only individual who was, in truth and in fact, his own man. Nels was steady, industrious, faithful, capable, and reliable; any one of a hundred duckhead jobs were ever open to Nels, yet, for some reason best known to himself, he preferred to click by the Maggle. In his drift way it is probable that he was fascinated by the agile intelligence of Mr. Gibney, the vivacious tongue of Captain Scraggs, and the elephantine wit and garrulous bearing of Mr. McGuffey. At any rate, he delighted in hearing them snarl and wrangle.

However, to return to the Maggle which we left entering the fog a few miles north of Pillar point:

CHAPTER II.

Captain Scraggs and The Squarehead partook first of the ham and eggs, coffee and bread, which the skipper prepared. Scraggs then prepared a similar meal for Mr. Gibney and McGuffey, set it in the oven to keep warm, and descended to the engine room to relieve McGuffey for dinner. Nels at the same time took the course from Mr. Gibney and relieved the latter at the wheel. By this time, darkness had descended upon the world, and the Maggle had entered the fog; following her custom she proceeded in absolute silence, although as a partial offset to the extreme liability to collision with other eastwise craft, due to the non-whistling rule abroad the Maggle, Mr. Gibney had laid a course half a mile inside the usual steamer lanes, albeit due to his overwhelming desire for peace he had neglected to inform his owner of this; the honest fellow proceeded upon the hypothesis that what people do not know is not apt to trouble them.

Captain Scraggs read the log and reported the mileage to Mr. Gibney, who figured with the stub of a pencil on the pilot house wall, wiggled his head, and appeared satisfied. "Better go 'ford," he ordered, "an' help The Squarehead on the lookout. At eight o'clock we ought to be right under the lee of Point San Pedro; when I whistle we ought to catch the echo thrown back by the cliff. Listen for it."

Promptly at eight o'clock Mr. McGuffey was horrified to see his stony gauge drop half a pound as the Maggle's siren sounded. Mr. Gibney stuck his lugubrious head out of the pilot house and listened, but no answering



"But No Answering Echo Reached His Ears."

echo reached his ears. "Hear anything?" he bawled.

"Heard the Maggle's siren," Captain Scraggs retorted venomously.

Mr. Gibney leaped out on deck, selected a small head of cabbage from a broken crate and hurled it forward. Then he sprang back into the pilot house and straightened the Maggle on her course again. He leaned over the binnacle, with the cuff of his watch coat wiping away the moisture on the glass, and studied the instrument carefully. "I don't trust the dang'd thing," he muttered. "Guess I'll haul her off a couple points an' try the whistle again."

He did. Still no echo. He was inclined to believe that Captain Scraggs had not read the trail log correctly and when at eight-thirty he tried the whistle again he was still without results in the way of an echo from the cliff, albeit the engine room howlers brought him several of a profane character from the perspiring McGuffey.

"We've passed Pedro," Mr. Gibney decided. He ground his end and muttered ugly things to himself, for his dead reckoning had gone astray and he was worried. The fog, if anything, was thicker than ever.

Time passed. Suddenly Mr. Gibney thrilled electrically to a shrill rip from Captain Scraggs.

"What's that?" Mr. Gibney bawled.

"I dunno. Sounds like the surf, Gib."

"Ain't you been on this run long enough to know that the surf don't sound like nothin' else in life but breakers?" Gibney retorted wrathfully.

"I ain't certain, Gib."

Instantly Gibney signaled McGuffey for half speed ahead.

"Breakers on the starboard bow," yelled Captain Scraggs.

"Port bow," The Squarehead corrected him.

"Oh, my great patience!" Mr. Gibney groaned. "They're on both bows an' we're headed straight for the beach. Here's where we'll go to the devil together," and he rankled wildly at the signal wire that led to the engine room, with the intention of giving McGuffey four belles—the signal aboard the Maggle for full speed astern. At the second jerk the wire broke, but not until two bells had sounded in the engine room—the signal

for full speed ahead. The efficient McGuffey promptly kicked her wide open, and the Fates decreed that, having done so, Mr. McGuffey should forthwith climb the ladder and fling his head out on deck for a breath of fresh air. Instantly a chorus of shrieks up the fo'castle head attracted his attention to such a degree that he failed to hear the engine room howler as Mr. Gibney blew frantically into it.

Presently, out of the hubbub for-ward, Mr. McGuffey heard Captain Scraggs call frantically: "Stop her! For the love of heaven, stop her!" Instantly the engineer dropped back into the engine room and set the Maggle full speed astern; then he grasped the howler and held it to his ear.

"Stop her!" he heard Gibney shriek.

"Why in blazes don't you stop her?"

"She's set astern, Gib. She'll run up in a minute."

"You know it?" Gibney answered significantly.

The Maggle climbed, finally to the crest of a long oily roller, slid recklessly down the other side, and took the following fog over her forecastle. She still had some head on, but very little—not quite sufficient to give her decent steering way, as Mr. Gibney discovered when, having at length communicated his desire to McGuffey, he spun the wheel frantically in a last effort to swing the Maggle's dirty nose out to sea.

"Nothing doing," he snarled. "She'll have to come to a complete stop before she begins to walk backward and get steering way on again. She'll bump us sure as death on taxes."

She did—with a crack that shook the rigging and caused it to rattle like buckshot in a pan. A terrible cry—such a cry, indeed, as might burst from the lips of a mother seeing her only child run down by the Limited—burst from poor Captain Scraggs. "My ship! My ship!" he howled. "My darling little Maggle! They've killed you, they've killed you! The dirty bidders!"

The succeeding wave lifted the Maggle off the beach, carried her in some fifty feet further and deposited her gently on the sand. She heeled over to port a little and rested there as it was very, very weary, nor could all the thrashing of her screw in reverse haul her off again. The surf, dashing in under her fantail, had more power than McGuffey's engine, and, foot by foot, the Maggle proceeded to dig herself in. Mr. Gibney listened for five minutes to the uproar that rose from the bowels of the little steamer before he whistled up Mr. McGuffey.

"Kill her, kill her," he ordered. "Your wheel will bite into the sand first thing you know, and tear the stern off her. You're shakin' the old girl to pieces."

McGuffey killed his engine, hunkered his knees, and came up on deck, wiping his miasma face with a sooty filthy sweat rag. At the same time Scraggs and Nels Halvorsen came crawling aft over the deckhead and when they reached the clear space around the pilot house, Captain Scraggs threw his brown

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WHY Boasting Is Comparatively Unknown in Japan

"To boast," said my Japanese friend, "is, according to our point of view, one of the cardinal sins. We do not boast boasting that we go to the other extreme, depreciating anything or anybody connected with ourselves. Thus, when some one says to me, 'Your brother has attained a great fortune,' he must be a man of great ability," I will reply. "He is not so very able. Perhaps he is only lucky." As a matter of fact, it happens that my brother is a man of exceptional ability. But I must not say so! It is not good form for me to praise his qualities.

"In speaking of our wives and children we do the same. We say, 'my poor wife,' or 'my indigent wife,' although our wives may fulfill our idea of everything a woman should be."

"Also the reverse of this proposition is true. We sometimes signify our disapproval or dislike of some one by speaking of him in terms of too high praise.

"Among ourselves we fully understand these things. It is merely a code we follow. But I fear that this practice sometimes causes foreigners to misunderstand us." Being themselves accustomed to speak literally, they are inclined to take us no. Also, they are not likely to realize that we are most critical of those for whom we have profound regard. Why should we waste our time or our critical consideration upon persons who mean nothing to us or whom we dislike?

"Yet, after all," he continued, with a little twinkle in his eye, "human nature is much the same the world over. There was an American here in Kyoto once who used to sell his wife and sister to smoke cigarettes, but I observed that he was quick to pass his cigarette case to other ladies."—J. H. Street in the *Century Magazine*.

IDEA FROWNED ON BY NATURE

Why Single-Child Family Tends to Become Poorer and Will Ultimately Become Extinct.

That the "one-child family" tends to grow-poorer and not richer is the principal point made in a report by the Child Study society of Transylvania after collecting a large mass of data in the Banat (southwestern part of Transylvania), where the system most prevails. The Romanian correspondent of the *Lancet* (London) writes:

Their report states that until recently it had been thought that the system was purely a question of economics. People did not wish to distribute their lands and wealth between several children, but the custom had now become independent of land questions. It was quite clear that the "single-child" family did become not richer but poorer. The "single-child" generation tended to grow up idle and self-indulgent. If they were landed proprietors their farms were worked by others, necessitating payment of heavy wages.

Farmers began to understand that the single-child system meant their ruin, but the custom was deeply rooted and the people were very conservative. People who had several children were actually despised.

Another reason for the single-child system was female vanity; women thought that by avoiding childbirth, they would remain young and enjoy life for a longer time. The only child was spoiled by his parents, and too often entered early into a career of dissipation, the result being rapid physical and mental deterioration."

Why Radio Appeals.

There was a time when wireless telegraphy appealed only to the so-called amateur, and his interest was rather directed toward the technical end than the mere pleasure of gathering messages out of the air for whatever they were worth. With the establishing of government radio reports and a number of radio telephone broadcasting stations throughout the country, radio reception becomes a matter of considerable interest to everyone, especially persons in remote districts who are ordinarily more or less out of touch with the world at large. Today the farmer, the business man in the small village, the camper and others can use a simple receiving set and keep posted on what is going on in commerce, politics, sports, stock and bond market, and even religion.—*Scientific American*.

Well, Isn't Cynic About Right? The expression, "poor but honest," wasn't coined by a cynic. A cynic would have said "and therefore" instead of "but."

The Difference. The young hate work, but it is the last pride, the last joy of the aged that they are able to do it.—*Atherton Globe*.

Ocean insect. The sea bug lobolobus is the only insect living on the surface of the ocean, and what it eats is unknown.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE GREEN PEA PIRATES

Continued from Page 2
pick up the S. S. Maggle, two decks an' bottom an' loaded with garden truck, an' I'll wag my ears an' look at the back of my neck. She ain't worth it!"

"Ain't worth it! Why, man, I paid fifteen hundred hard cash dollars for her!"

"Fourteen hundred an' ninety-nine dollars an' ninety-nine cents too much. They seen you could. However, granted for the sake of argument that she's worth the tow, the next question them towboat skippers'll ask is: 'Who's goin' to pay the bill?' It'll be two hundred an' fifty dollars at the lowest figure, an' if you got that much credit with the towboat company you're gonna high financier. Ain't that logic?"

"I'm afraid," Scraggs replied sadly, "it is. Bill, they'd have a lien on the Maggle."

"Blister shoy!" came a voice from the bench.

"Bliss with a megaphone!" Mr. Olney cried. "Ahoy! Ahoy, there!"

"Who are you an' what's the trouble?"

Captain Scraggs took it upon himself to answer. "American steamer Mag—"

Mr. Olney sprang upon him furiously, pinched a horny, tobacco-smelling patch across Scraggs' mouth and effectively smothered all further sound. "American steamer Yankee Prince," he bawled like a vegetable bell of Bushkin, "of Boston, Hong Kong to Europe, with a general cargo of sandal wood, rice an' silk. Where're we at?"

"Just outside the Chitt. Half a mile off the Chitt house."

"Telephone in for a tug. We're in nice shape, restin' easy, but our rugger's gone an' the after web o' the crank shaft busted. Telephone in, my man, an' I'll make it up to you when we get a safe anchorage. Who are you?"

"Sanderson, of the Golden Gate Life Saving station!"

"I'll not forget you, Sanderson. My owners are Yankees, but they're sports."

"All right. I'll telephone. On my way!"

"God speed you," assurances Mr. Olney, and released his hold on Captain Scraggs, who instantly threw his arms around the navigating officer's neck.

"I forgive you, Adelbert!" he crooned. "I forgive you freely. By the toll of the Orient Sacred Bull, you're an' never. She's an all night fog or I'm a Chinaman, and if it only stays thick enough—"

"It'll hold," Olney retorted doggedly. "It's a two fog. They always hold. Quit huggin' me. Your breath's bad."

Captain Scraggs, buried forcibly backward, bumped into the pilot house, but lost none of his enthusiasm. "You're a jewel," he declared. "Oh, man, what a head! Whatever made you think of the Yankee Prince?"

"Because," Mr. Olney answered calmly, "there ain't no such ship, this kind o' own bein' a free republic where princes don't go. Still, it's a nice name, Scraggs, old tar-top—more particular since I thought it up in a hurry. Eh, what?"

"Holvorzen," cried Captain Scraggs. The lone deckhand emerged from a hole in the freight forward whither he had retreated to escape the vegetable harness put over by Captain Scraggs when McGuffey left the ship.

"McGuffey," he groaned. "While we're waitin' for this here towboat I'll brew a scuttle-o' grog to celebrate the discovery of real sun-furin' talent. Gib, my dear boy, I'm proud of you. No matter what happens, I'll never have no other navigatin' officer."

"Don't crow till you're out o' the woods," the astute Olney warned him.

(To be continued)

All Due to the Women.

In a lecture before the Royal Institute, Prof. Arthur Keith, an eminent biologist, gave the credit for American success to the women who came over with the Pilgrim fathers. The fact that these Englishmen brought their wives with them is responsible for the remarkably sturdy condition of the American people; whereas the Spaniards who went into Central and South America left their wives behind, and the result is a hybrid race which is not the equal of the original Iberian.

Foreign Customs.

In Sweden a physician cannot sue for his fee, while in Belgium a solicitor is in a similar position. By Chinese law, not only the doctor, but also the priest, the fortune-teller and clairvoyant are without legal remedy. All these debts are, however, looked upon as "debts of honor," and payment is rarely evaded.

Quick Aid Prevents Fire.

It is well to keep a small fire-extinguisher convenient to the kitchen as a first aid to possible fire. These extinguishers are of great value when the fire has first started, but are useless after it has made headway. Just as with a first-aid kit, their value lies in their being at your service at a moment's notice.

Florida's Entry Into Union.

One hundred years ago the Stars and Stripes supplanted the flag of Spain in Florida, which became a part of the United States. The sum paid to Spain, including the payments to claimants for damages, was \$6,459,708 for a territory that included 59,208 square miles.—*Alta Florida Herald*.

Cause of Rainbow.

The rainbow is caused by the rays of the sun passing through drops of water and being separated by these drops into the primary colors. A similar effect can be obtained by placing a triangular piece of glass before the eyes to the sunlight.

BY-PRODUCTS OF LITERATURE

Authorless, Planning African Trip, Certainly Is Overlooking Nothing That Can Be Made Useful.

Using the by-products is the most characteristic feature of distinctly modern industry. How thoroughly this principle has been applied to literature comes out in an interview with a charming and able Chinese novelist who is taking her six-year-old daughter into Africa gorilla hunting with Carl Akeley's party.

The author in question will make the trip to collect local color, the basic material in the fiction industry. The first product will be a novel, with a movie to follow. But not all the local color which an African trip is bound to yield can be used in a novel, so the author plans to work over the whole in a travel book, which will find a ready sale to that small but choice public which has wearied of fiction. The third and rather special product will be the story of her small daughter's reaction to the adventure, which is expected to make another interesting book.

Each of the three books is a separate product of the basic local color; each will satisfy a certain special need and reach a public of its own. Between the fiction readers, the armchair travelers and the students of the child-mind, this author pretty well covers the book-buying classes. Considering how little daughter will probably react when she sights her first gorilla, the "child reactions" book may fairly be called "utilizing the sequel."

KNOWS RIGHT TIME TO FISH

Men's Many Friends Have Furnished Him Just the Particular Dope, and the Rest Is Easy.

"I have the accurate dope now on just when to go fishing at the lakes," said a man who expects to take a vacation soon.

"I talked to a man last week and he said if I wished to do any good, to fish from 12 midnight to six in the morning. He used frogs and snails for bait and caught lots of bass and also bluegills at that time. Besides it isn't hot then."

"Talked to a man Monday and he told me just when to catch them. I learned from him that the time to fish was between midnight and 12 midnight. He caught lots of bass and bluegills and crappies at that time."

"Talked to another man and he told me the best time to fish was from sunrise until about 10 o'clock, and from 4 p.m. until dark."

"There was another neighbor of mine who gave me good advice. He never fishes after dark, but says he never paid my attention to the heat and that he always caught lots of fish in the middle of the day as he did early in the morning or in the cool of the evening."

"So you see, I know just when to do my fishing."

Hints to Young Authors.

John Augustus Berthold wearily opened the envelope that brought back from its twentieth journey the "One on a Crab's Caterpillar."

There dropped upon the floor this letter from the regretful editor:

"Hint 1—borrow half a dollar's worth of stamps."

"Hint 2—Don't begin to write until you feel you must. Such an attack is heralded by dizziness, listlessness and pain in the back."

"Hint 3—Then write down just enough words to relieve your pent-up emotions."

"Hint 4—Fraso every second word."

"Hint 5—Carefully erase all the remaining words."

"Hint 6—Sell the stamps."—Pittsburgh Sun.

Disappearing Eagle.

Americans have made war to such an extent upon the national bird—the American eagle—that few specimens of the species are left in the East, and when one of these birds does show itself the first impulse of the man or boy who sees it is to shoot to kill.

Yet the eagle is a harmless bird and does ill to nobody. Now and then a bald-headed eagle flies over the national capital and a few are to be seen in the region of Washington, but they have become rare. Last spring a large and handsome member of the species was shot and killed in the woods bordering Nebraska creek, about thirty miles below Washington and close to the junction of that creek and the Potomac river.

Berlitz's Housing Problem.

The return of many Syrians from North and South America, the presence of the French army of occupation, civil officers, European commercial travelers, tourists and refugees have together caused an unprecedented housing shortage in Beirut which is becoming a serious problem. The local government has attempted to control the rents by a decree, but the upward trend continues.

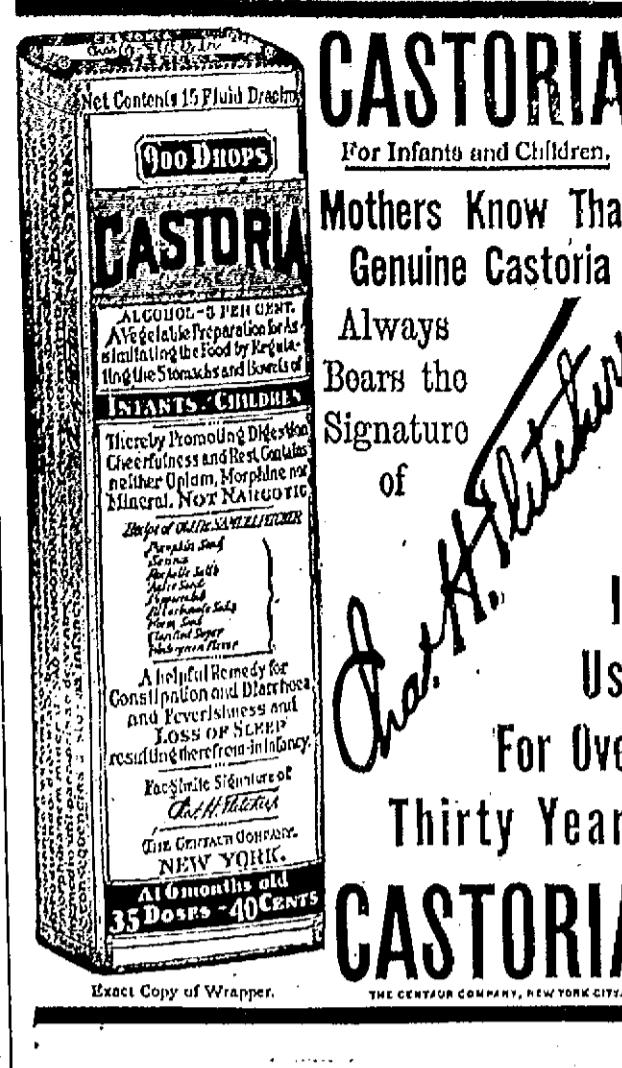
The several hotels deserving of mention can accommodate only about 250 persons in all. The city, with a population of 100,000, has no first-class hotel.—Commerce Reports.

Canada Liberal to Its Veterans.

The gratuity paid by the Canadian government to her World war veterans was by far the most liberal of all the allies. A married man, with three years' service, received a minimum of \$600, and a single man \$320, while the officers and noncommissioned officers received more, according to their rank.

Remove Grease Before Lacquering.

It is possible to protect polished metal surfaces by applying several coats of cold lacquer or collodion varnish. The lacquer should be applied with a brass camel's hair brush, after the metal has been highly polished. There must be no trace of grease on the brass or other metal when it is lacquered.



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ROBBER TRAPPED WITH BOOTY

Treasure From Sainte's Shrine, Stolen Last November, Recovered by Clever Police Work.

The historic Thirteenth century treasure of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which was stolen from the saint's shrine at Marburg last November, has been recovered, according to the Berlin correspondent of the London Times, after having been buried in the back garden of a London suburban house.

The recovery is due to the vigilance of the Frankfurt police. Six men took part in the robbery last November, and five of them were arrested soon after. There was, however, no sign of the stolen treasury and the men obstinately denied all knowledge of it.

Eventually, the police got up to the track of the sixth man, Emil Kellman. It was found that in the meantime he had been to London; he was watched, however, and on his return he was arrested. During his detention the inquiries of the detective led the police to believe that Kellman had hidden the jewels in England. It was assumed that if he were set free, he would probably get them. He was therefore let out on bail; at the same time he was kept under strict but secret surveillance by the police. On June 15 Kellman went to London to fetch the jewels and on his return a few days ago he was re-arrested at Croydon, where he was taken red-handed with the missing jewels and pearls, 174 in number, hidden in his clothes.

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Established 1889

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 1010

CULTURE AND MONEY

Formerly it used to be thought that people who had money were more apt to be cultivated and refined than others. Money is able to buy advantages in the way of education and experience and polish, and people with those advantages ought to show the benefits thereof.

During recent years, however, a large number of people have secured money without giving any impression of culture or education. The big department stores of the large cities are a place where the manners of the wealthy can be observed. It is often remarked that great numbers of people who seem to have plenty of money appear to be lacking in refinement.

Such people buy flamboyant clothing, seeming to think that lurid combinations of colors and elaborate decorations will make the most beautiful display. Meanwhile at counters where less ornate goods are offered, you find quiet and refined people buying stuff that is substantial and artistic, without being nearly as expensive.

The big jewelry dealers have said that the character of their patronage has changed of late years. Formerly they were patronized by wealthy people who had had money long enough so they had learned to spend it with taste and good sense. But when the profiteering times came on, the newly rich crowded into their stores and bought lavishly without much taste.

Also they sold a great deal to people who had suddenly acquired war time wages, but did not know how to use their property wisely. Meanwhile their old patrons were prudently hanging on to their money.

A BIG ACHIEVEMENT

The calling of the discrimination conference for next November is a bigger event than some of us realize. On the surface it has seemed simple enough. But underneath there has been a lot of pulling and hauling among the nations. Their conflicting interests have had to be studied and adjusted. It has not been an easy thing to get them all to come here and lay their cards on the table and have a frank talk as to their differences and as to the needlessness of a crushing burden of competitive armament.

To get these powers to agree to come and talk it over is an achievement the importance of which should be recognized. President Harding and Secretary Hughes have done a big thing in putting it over. It has taken common sense, diplomatic skill and a genuine feeling of international friendship. Many efforts for meetings of this kind in the past have failed for lack of these qualities.

It has commonly been said that the Republican party in opposing the ratification of the Versailles treaty has shown itself unwilling to cooperate with other powers. But the calling of this conference proves that this is not the case. The Republican party desires to cooperate and confer with other powers, but it merely objects to any international organization that can have any right of authority over the United States.

Whether or not the coming conference accomplishes all that is hoped and expected of it, the achievement of our government remains the same. Our people have done their part to make it a success and they will offer some kind of a reasonable proposition to other powers.

If the subject of limitation of armaments is approached in the same spirit by the other nations, a reduction of expense will be saved all over the world that will elicit a chorus of rejoicing from all these overburdened peoples.

THE MOVE-ON SPIRIT

A great many people are never satisfied where they are. They think if they could move on to some other city or engage in some other business or work for some one else they would gain in prosperity.

But if they did make such move they would be no better satisfied and would accomplish no better results. Probably they would be less well off, as they would suffer for a time because of unfamiliarity with the new conditions.

The State of Nebraska is doing something rather clever to quell this spirit among its own people by creating a moving picture studio to produce films showing the resources and activities of the state. Films will be distributed free of charge about the state to schools and other institutions. Developments in agriculture, manufacturing, business and club life, etc., will be pictured.

The result must be to convince a great many people in that state that the resources and opportunities of their own commonwealth are just as good as can be found anywhere, and very likely better. This will show the element of discontented and restless folks who are found everywhere that they would do well to settle down and utilize and develop the chances lying right around home rather than go off to unknown conditions, where they may not fit in at all.

It is a fine thing for people to travel and see what is being done in other localities. Yet as a rule most people do better when it comes to finding work and business opportunities to settle down somewhere near home. There they have the advantage of personal acquaintance to help them get a start. They know the desires and needs of the community and are more likely to fit in.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Island Belle on Fall Schedule
The steamer Island Belle, of the Block Island, Newport & Providence Transportation Co., commenced her fall and winter schedule between Block Island, Newport and Providence on last Monday, having recently passed her annual inspection at New London.

The Island Belle is now licensed to carry 200 passengers between May 16 and October 15 and 68 passengers from October 16th to May 16th. When the local Company purchased the steamer a year ago last April, the best of the Inspectors could do for her was to allot a capacity of 150 passengers during the winter and 90 during the summer. The recent inspection vouches for the first class condition of the steamer at the present time.

At the meeting of the board of directors held last Monday forenoon, the following schedule was adopted until further notice: Steamer leaves Newport for Block Island daily (except Sundays) at 11:15 a. m., returning leaves Block Island daily at 2:45 p. m. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays leaves Providence at 9 a. m. for Block Island, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays leaves Block Island for Providence at 2:45 p. m.

WHIST OFFICIALS APPOINTED

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Athletic Association on Monday night, Merton Mott and Frank Mott were appointed a committee to supervise the Saturday night market whists for the coming season. Clarence H. Lewis was appointed to assume charge of the market prizes and Mrs. Louise Mitchell was again appointed at the head of the music department.

The first whist and dance of the season will be held tonight at 8 o'clock.

Sudden Death

Mr. Peleg Allen died suddenly on Tuesday night at the home of his son, Frank Allen, with whom he lived. Further details will appear in this column in the next issue.

Joseph Martin is enjoying a few days' vacation with friends in Providence, North Tiverton and Newport.

Last Sunday was observed as Field Day at the Sachem Pond Distillery.

It is reported that Lester Littlefield and William P. Lewis will hold a rat hunt at the Mackerel Camp in the near future.

Chief Rose of the Sandy Point police force is completing arrangements for a hunting trip in the Maine woods next month. Deputy Lycurgus Negus will assume charge of the department during the Chief's absence.

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND STOCK**(Providence Journal)**

At the International Congress of Eugenics in New York, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn said:

"In New England a century has witnessed the passage of a many-child family to a one-child family. The poorest New England stock is not holding its own. The next stage is a no-child marriage and the extinction of the stock which laid the foundation of the republican institutions of this country."

The decline of the old New England stock is a matter of common observation. It is not merely a relative decline as compared with the growth of other elements in the population, but an absolute one.

In countless New England towns many old names are dying out or have already disappeared.

The decadence or extinction of these names is in some instances, perhaps, more apparent than real. Their possessors have moved away from the old towns, settled elsewhere and raised families whose later representatives write fervent letters from their homes in the Middle and Western states to local genealogists in the attempt to trace some long-vanished ancestor whose ashes lie amid the briars of the valley or the brambles of the hill. To the old graveyards come pilgrims who secure photographs of the leaning stones and who sometimes establish funds for the upkeep of "God's acre."

Nevertheless, the ancient names disappear and those bearers of these names who remain in New England are far from being as prolific as the newcomers who have taken possession of so many of the historic houses and dignified farmsteads and have overflowed so many districts in our manufacturing communities. What is the matter? Dr. Osborn is right in worrying about it, and so is every man whose lineage goes back to the first European settlers in Puritan Land.

In no place is the decadence of old New England names more apparent than it is in Newport. Very few of the families of 50 or 75 years ago have descendants living here at the present time. The tax books of today and those of that period of long ago show a wonderful change of names.

But that condition is not peculiar to Newport alone. It will be found the same all over New England.

Enough Said.

Frequently a question contains its own answer. Such a question was the one put recently by a Kansas young woman who had failed to qualify for a position as teacher. Feeling that she had not been considerably dealt with, she wrote: "I think I am entitled to an exclamation of why I failed, anyway."—Boston Transcript.

Sense Qualities.

Instead of there being only five senses as we usually think, there are probably as many as 15. Four distinct senses, for example, are found in the skin. These are heat, cold, pain and pressure. What we usually call touch is a combination of these sense qualities.

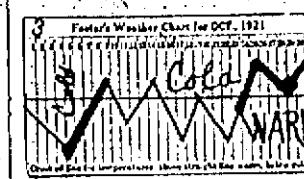
Too Curious.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she didn't last long as salesgirl at the jewelry counter was because when a man came in and said he wanted something nice for his baby she asked him if his baby was a boy, a girl or a chicken.—Dallas News.

No Thought of the Morrow.

Many people take no care of their money till they come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time.—Goethe.

and are more likely to fit in.

**WEATHER BULLETIN**

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1921.

Indications are that October temperatures from 1 to 21 will average lower than usual with cold dips and northern frosts near 4 and 17. Temperatures along meridian 90, which is near center of great central valleys, October 1 and considerably below normal near 4, then rising till 7 and remaining high several days. The temperature will reach sections west of that line, longitude 90, from one to two days earlier and the Atlantic States about two days later.

The up and down movement of the temperature is of the least importance of all the weather features and is immensely more difficult to forecast than any other weather feature, therefore I get more errors in forecasting that line than in all the other forecasts I make. But these forecasts of the temperature movements are not important and the friends of my work do not notice them while enemies of my work give great emphasis to these little errors.

It is the great extremes that count and interest my readers. They are caused by the severe storms which I correctly forecast at least two times out of three. These severe storms control the cold waves hot waves, excessive rains or snows, excessively damp and dry atmospheres, high winds, hot winds, tornadoes, hurricanes, etc. On these my forecasts are good, better than guessing. But I am constantly working on this unimportant, common temperature line and I am determined to get it in order to complete my forecast system and rob the critics of the few crumbs they like to pick at.

The extremes in the weather features do not move eastward with the storms. While the latter are moving eastward the former move westward. If the severe storms that move eastward cause a cold wave in New York the next severe storms will probably cause a cold wave in Indiana, and the next in northern Texas. That is a curious feature, but that is the way it usually works. I expect the severe storms of first week in October to bring down a cold wave that will hit Western New York and Western Pennsylvania because the Pittsburgh records of the past 100 years indicate as much and because the severe storms predicted for the week centering on Sept. 9 pulled down a cold wave in the extreme middle northwest and the next cold wave should strike eastern sections and then the following cold waves again progress westward.

When that cold wave, with temperatures only 20 above zero appears in the middle northwest, the U. S. Weather Bureau predicted that the next severe storms will probably cause a cold wave in Indiana, and the next in northern Texas. That is a curious feature, but that is the way it usually works. I expect the severe storms of first week in October to bring down a cold wave that will hit Western New York and Western Pennsylvania because the Pittsburgh records of the past 100 years indicate as much and because the severe storms predicted for the week centering on Sept. 9 pulled down a cold wave in the extreme middle northwest and the next cold wave should strike eastern sections and then the following cold waves again progress westward.

It is in the southern hemisphere, chiefly, where fields of ice miles long are found. One which was reported by a large number of vessels in the year 1854 was 90 miles long and 10 miles broad, with an average height of 300 feet. In these cases many icebergs solidly frozen mass.

Bergs sometimes carry strange freight. One of the flat-topped variety, 100 feet high, was seen in mid-Atlantic bearing three vessels on its ice summit. Another, near the banks of Newfoundland, had several Polar bears walking about on it.

It is not to think of the fate of these ursine drolleys when their icy raft reached warmer waters in lower latitudes and capsized or melted. One can imagine, if the berg turned over, the dislodged animals frantically swimming back to their uncertain and slippery refuge only to find, perhaps, that it no longer afforded any real foothold for them.

Ships have been moored to icebergs on occasions when they have afforded anything but a safe berth. Dr. Kane, the American explorer, once got the ice-anchors of his ship fixed in a berg after several hours of very hard work, when large pieces of ice began to fall on the deck. There was just time to cast off again before the face of the berg fell in ruins, crashing down with the noise of heavy guns fired at close quarters.

On the other hand, the steamer Isle of Mail was saved by an echo from an iceberg one very foggy night in June, 1914, on the banks of Newfoundland. One of the Franklin exploring ships, also, was saved from certain destruction by a berg drifting in between her and a surf-beaten rocky shore.

In May, 1917, some gas-boats broke adrift from the entrance of New York Harbor and one of them attached itself to the end of an iceberg and by sounding its horn at regular intervals, warned vessels of the icy danger.

The birth of an iceberg has often been seen. But who has stood by at the death of one?

BERGS DRIFT FAR

Immense Masses of Ice Often Found in Mid-Ocean.

Certain Conditions of Sky, and Light Make Them Practically Invisible to Ship's Lookouts.

Early summer is the real season of the iceberg in the North Atlantic. It is then that these frozen masses are set free in great abundance in the Polar regions and are drifted into mid-ocean by favoring winds and currents.

They have been found several hundred miles below the southernmost latitude of the British Isles and prove a very serious menace to vessels which have to cross their track. The terrible fate of the Titanic has been that of many another noble vessel, though apparently without proving so disastrous to human life.

Can an iceberg become invisible under certain conditions of sky and light? It is claimed that it can—on a clear, starry night, when the conditions make the berg nearly the same color as the sky.

But night-time, under any atmospheric conditions, is usually a bad time for seeing bergs at a safe distance.

This difficulty in marking them out is one of the reasons why their height is so often exaggerated.

Mist, or fog, too, will magnify a berg immensely, just as a fog in the Arctic regions has been known to make a fox look as big as a white bear.

Does experience show that a berg is more parts of its mass below water to only one part above? It does not. And for this reason—that the submerged portion is usually much broader and heavier than the exposed part, so that it is not necessary for nine-tenths of the berg to be under water to keep the entire mass floating upright.

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Connecticut Valley onions were slightly lower, due in part to the small size and inferior quality of much of the offerings. The prevailing price was \$1.50-\$1.60 per 100 lb. sack. Aroostook County potatoes were in heavy supply, and in spite of a good buying demand prices declined to \$1.00-\$1.10 per 100 lb. sack. Native turnips were at 25c-30c a bushel according to quality.

New York State Concord grapes showed little change, 12 quart barrels selling \$1.00-\$1.25, and 3-quart barrels at \$1.25-\$1.50. Native lettuce was higher, 15c-18c a bushel.

Native green and wax beans were in poor demand and lower at 50c-\$1.00 a bushel. Native bunches beets were unchanged at 40c-45c a bushel box, and bunches carrots at 60c-85c. Native celery was steady at \$1.00-\$1.50 a bushel, while cauliflower sold at prices ranging from 60c-75c a bushel according to quality.

Native cabbage was 75c higher at \$1.00-\$1.25 a barrel. Cape Cod cranberries met better demand due in part to the cooler weather. At \$5.50-\$6.00 per 1-lb. barrel crate. Native cucumbers were \$1.00 higher at \$4.00-\$4.50 a barrel box according to quality.

New York State Elberta peaches from cold storage were still on the market, and sold as high as \$6.00 a bushel basket early in the week, but later declined to \$4.00-\$4.50. Damson plums have been in good demand bringing 70c-80c per 4-lb. basket.

Jesse C. Scott, Dover, Me., convicted a year ago of the murder of Robert M. Moore in March, 1920

COL. W. N. HASKELL

Has Charge of American Relief to Russian Starving.



Col. William N. Haskell, appointed to supervise American relief administration work in Russia under the agreement with the Soviet authorities. Colonel Haskell directed relief in Armenia and has recently been on special duty in the war department at Washington.

GERMANS SALUTE FLAG OF ARGENTINA AT KIEL

Solemnly Atones for Sinking Ships of Neutral Nation During World War.

Kiel.—In a solemn act of atonement Germany gave satisfaction to Argentina for the loss of the steamers *Monse Protegido* and *Toro*.

Dr. Luis B. Molina, Minister for Argentina, and his staff were ceremoniously received on board the battleship Hanover. Afterward the Argentine flag was hoisted and flown from the mizzenmast of the battleship, and later the Argentine delegation and the German officials had luncheon together.

Minister Molina and his party left the warship at 1:45 o'clock in the afternoon, being saluted by 16 guns, while the Argentine flag was run up to the foretop of the Hanover.

Both the *Toro* and the *Monse Protegido* were sunk in 1917 by German submarines. The sending to the bottom of the two vessels created great indignation in Argentina. Germany paid indemnities for the sinkings.

A representative of the German government, addressing Dr. Molina on board the battleship, recalled that Germany, at the time of the sinkings, had informed Argentina that the "misdeeds" had occurred through no lack of respect for the flag of a friendly country which all Germans honored. The first opportunity, he added, now was being taken to salute the Argentine flag, and the obligation was being discharged with all the more pleasure, since it gave satisfaction to a nation which, until the end of the war, did not avenge in maintaining full neutrality.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

ATLANTIC CITY.—European statesmen are hopeful that the coming disarmament conference will open the door to American participation in international questions, asserted Senator Walter E. Edge in an interview. Senator Edge returned last week from a trip to England and France.

LONDON.—Greece intends to proclaim the annexation of all territories she has occupied by military.

NEW YORK.—Elton R. Brown, counsel for the Meyer committee investigating New York city administration, declares the city will have to save or go bankrupt.

LONDON.—Mrs. Wintringham was elected to fill her late husband's seat in Parliament.

BELFAST, IRELAND.—Alarm was expressed here by Unionists—officials over the remarkable growth of Sinn Fein camps in Ulster. Republican preparations for civil war were seen in the activities at Seaford camp, where 800 troops of the I. R. A., with arms and ammunition, have been mobilized.

PARIS.—The value of the ships surrendered by Germany is fixed at 745,000,000 gold marks in an official communication issued by the Reparations Commission.

ATLANTIC CITY.—Vigorous opposition to the senate proposal to increase the tax on corporate earnings from 10 to 15 per cent was voiced by the board of directors of the National Association of Credit Men.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—"The process of readjustment has not yet been completed but evidences are multiplying that the corner has been turned and that the country has passed the most acute stage of the readjustment period," said W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve Board at the "Made-in-Carolinas" Exposition here.

A total of 3743 persons have been killed, thousands injured, and losses of more than \$65,000,000 suffered the past nine years as a result of accidents in industry, the Massachusetts State Department of Labor and Industries estimated in making public its endorsements of the No Accident Week.

IRISH DISORDERS ALARM BRITAIN

"Peace Wreckers" Again at Work, Is Word From Dublin "Authority" on Situation.

CORK BLACK AND TANS BUSY

Bombs Hurled in Belfast Outbreak. Four Killed and 37 Wounded—Shots Hit Children on Street—Brutality Charged at Spike Island.

London.—Disturbing reports of new provocative acts alleged to have been made by Black and Tans in Cork and elsewhere are causing apprehension among those hopeful of a settlement of the Irish situation.

According to Cork dispatches civilian members of the Republican police were roughly treated by British police patrols. Developments in the internment camp at Spike Island, where prisoners are reported to be carrying out reprisals for alleged rough usage on the part of the guards, and the weekend developments in Belfast, where rioting continues unabated, add to the disquietude.

In the light of these occurrences vigilance is attached to a statement made in Dublin by "Irish authority on the government side" that "peace wreckers" are again at work.

Several members of the British cabinet, among whom Premier Lloyd George's reply to the latest communication of Eamon De Valera is said to be going round, have not yet conveyed their views to the premier and it is regarded as not unlikely the premier's will for several days not be ready for despatch to Dublin.

No intimation has been given as to the probable terms of the note, but opinion both in England and Ireland seems to be hopeful that it will be couched so as to accommodate the position of the Sinn Fein leaders and enable them to come into another conference.

Belfast.—Four persons were killed by bombs hurled during the fighting between Republicans and Sinn Feiners. At least fifty-seven persons were injured. Several have also been killed and wounded by bullets during the clotting, which has broken out at intervals during the last three days.

The first bomb was hurled early in the evening in Seaford street, East Belfast. Troops with machine guns were attempting to dislodge snipers. A crowd of men, women and children gathered. Suddenly a bomb with fuse lit was hurled into the crowd. It failed to explode. As the crowd scattered a second bomb dropped and burst with devastating effects. Dead, dying and wounded lay upon the streets. Ambulances rushed fifty-two injured to the hospital. A large number of the victims were women and children.

New crowds gathered about the scene of the bombing. They refused to disperse and the police and soldiers fired upon them. A girl was seriously wounded. A short time later another bomb was thrown in the York road area, wounding five persons.

More troops arrived here. The military is patrolling all the streets in the riot zone, but sporadic fighting continues. A woman was shot by snipers in Little Georges street. Two fifteen-year-old children, playing in Crumlin road, were hit by bullets.

Almost under the eyes of the police, a band of rioters set fire to a grocery store in Middlepath street, and attempted to loot its stock of liquor.

Along woodstock road other mobs attempted to loot liquor establishments, but were dispersed by the police. Among the rioters arrested was a special constable, who is accused of firing on the police.

Belfast.—Parties of armed and masked men raided the homes of J. Whittaker, general manager of the Castlecomer—Kilkenny coal mines, where a strike is in progress, and J. Hargreaves, manager of the mines. Both Whittaker and Hargreaves were taken away and their whereabouts is unknown.

BUY HOUSE CAT PELTS

Germans Secure Large Quantities at New York Fur Auction.

New York.—Ordinary house cat pelts were purchased in large quantities for export to Germany at the annual fall fur auction. The skins sold for nearly \$1 less than the record price of \$1.24 obtained in the winter of 1920. American opossum pelts were also purchased by German exporters, who explained that the fur was popular there when dyed to imitate skunk. Twenty thousand house cat pelts were offered.

MILWAUKEE BARS TO STAY

Court Overrules Opinion of State Attorney General on Matter.

Madison, Wis.—Bars in saloons need not be removed or altered to comply with the new state prohibition law, Judge L. R. Stevens told attorneys for Milwaukee saloon interests, who have brought a test case. The judge said that he was satisfied that the attorney general was wrong in his opinion that bars must be altered to give unobstructed view of the space behind them.

A giant buck estimated to weigh 400 pounds, leader of a herd of eight deer, attacked an automobile owned and driven by Walter C. Rochelle of Pittsfield, Mass., on the Richmond road in West Pittsfield, smashed both head-lights, bent a mudguard and anoved the machine to the side of the road.

MISS GRACE ABBOTT

Chief of Children's Bureau
Department of Labor.

VALUATION PLAN BLOCKS TARIFF

Measure Delayed by U. S. Treasury Experts Not Likely to Pass Before Next Spring.

GATHER FACTS FOR SYSTEM

Work Will Require Two Months More. Senate Finance Committee Postpones Resumption of Hearings on Import Duties Until November.

Washington.—Final enactment of tariff legislation before the winter session of Congress appeared an impossibility when Senator Penrose, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, said that it is now estimated that sixty days will be required by a force of treasury experts to collect information desired in connection with the adoption of the American valuation plan.

The Republican members of the Finance Committee conferred with James D. Reynolds, who has been given charge of the force of men who will gather the information for the treasury. Mr. Reynolds formerly was assistant secretary of the treasury in charge of customs and also served as a member of the Tariff Commission. This new force of treasury experts is being organized under authority of the \$100,000 emergency appropriation recently made by Congress.

Mr. Reynolds informed the committee that he would be in a position to report information from time to time, but that all the data desired in fixing tariff duties under the American valuation plan could not be gathered in less than sixty days.

Under this program it will be nearly December 1 by the time all the information is available. This will mean that it will be scarcely possible for the Senate Finance Committee to report the tariff bill to the senate before December at the earliest. The regular session of Congress opens early in that month.

Following the information by Mr. Reynolds, it was decided that no hearings would be held until the tax bill is disposed of. The hearing will begin probably about November 1, Chairman Penrose said, and will continue for two weeks or a month.

Senator Penrose was authorized by his party colleagues on the committee to confer with representatives of the agricultural and manufacturing interests and secure opinions as to the necessity for the early enactment of a permanent tariff law.

In view of the fact that the Christmas holidays will interrupt the work of Congress during December, consideration of the tariff bill in the senate is not likely to be completed before early next year.

Final enactment of tariff legislation may not take place until February or later.

Members of the Finance Committee gave some consideration to schemes for the stabilization of exchange in connection with tariff legislation.

Senator Penrose announced that the house bill imposing a duty of 90 per cent on American surplus war supplies sold to France and brought back to this country will be called up in the senate at the earliest opportunity.

JAM OVER BEER BILL

Washington.—Republican leaders stood powerless to carry out their extensive legislative program, including the tax revision bill, while the wrangle over the anti-beer bill continued with unabated fury.

After several futile attempts to bring in the tax bill, Senator Penrose, chairman of the Finance Committee, left the senate chamber, apparently in disgust, an hour or more before adjournment.

Senator Willis (Ohio), one of the authors of the Campbell-Willis bill, denied reports that he had taken word from the White House to the senate that the President had given his approval to the efforts to continue consideration of the anti-beer bill. Just at this time the "unfinished business," the Bahr bill for free tolls for American coastwise ships through the Panama Canal, automatically displaced the anti-beer bill. Senator Bahr, in an effort to break up the jam, offered temporarily to lay aside the tolls bill, but the "wets" objected.

The number of unemployed residents of Boston is at least 60,000, according to a statement that P. H. Jeppings, business agent of the Boston Central Labor Union, made to Mayor Peters at a conference on the unemployment situation.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

To help meet a need for 20,000 additional fruit and vegetable refrigerator cars to move the large volume of perishable farm crops now ready for market the United States Department of Agriculture urges shippers, carriers and receivers to make the most efficient use of all refrigerator cars and equipment. It is thought this will relieve the congestion.

Confirmation of the nomination of Major General Leonard Wood to be governor general of the Philippines will be deferred until after he retires from active army service on October 5.

President Harding "submitted" to having his finger prints made during a call at the White House by delegates to the annual convention in Washington of the International Association for identification.

Failing to make good after six weeks' trial at the White House, "Oh, boy, the thoroughbred English bull pup sent to the President to share the honors of the executive mansion with Laddie Boy, has been given the "gate." The dog was the gift of an admirer of the President. Laddie Boy now reigns alone and will likely continue to do so.

Decision to repair the Leviathan, now at Hoboken, and to restore her to the North Atlantic service has virtually been reached by the Shipping Board. Estimates of the cost of putting the Leviathan in suitable condition have ranged between \$8,000,000 and \$10,000,000.

President Harding formally nominated Major General Leonard Wood to be governor general of the Philippine Islands.

Democratic senators proposed a definite tax revision program in opposition to the bill reported from the Finance Committee.

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The George E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass., will pay the city in taxes this year \$50,886.82 on its valuation of \$1,244,075 holding all the business concerns of the city. The W. L. Douglas Shoe Company tax will be \$21,862.23.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

October 15, 1921

Deposits made on or before October 15, 1921, begin to draw interest on that date.

At 4 1-2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

MANY A WIDOW HAS LOST ALL

her money by putting it in some risky speculative scheme.

Safe investment with a fair yield is afforded you by the Industrial Trust Company, which invites your account.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders

Promptly

Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNEXION

All Goods

are Fair

Assuredly

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankee Land

Ralph B. Wilson of Babson's statistical organization, speaking before 200 men on the "Trend of Business" at the Cambridge, Mass., Y. M. C. A., predicted a turn from the period of business depression and unemployment of 1921 to one of prosperity, to begin next spring following a "hard" winter.

The entire town of Reading, Mass., turned out because of the curiosity of the 4-year-old nephew of Chief Ordway of the fire department.

The Postmasters' Association of New England, meeting in convention at the American House Boston, elected Michael T. Croon of Lawrence president of the organization.

Mrs. Ida May Austin of Loomis, Mass., told Judge Phillip J. O'Connell in the divorce court that her husband, John W. Austin of Loomis, threatened to cut out her heart and carry it around on a big stick.

FREDERICK REGRETS DEAL

Archduke Engages Lawyers to Contest American Syndicate's Purchase.

Berlin.—Archduke Frederick, the richest man in Austria, who some time ago placed his properties, estimated at \$200,000,000, in the hands of an American syndicate, is said to regret the deal.

According to friends, he has engaged the best lawyers in all the countries where his vast wealth is located, with the view of contesting the New York syndicate's claims

For Sale for
\$1,000

By R. RAY BAKER.

It was no great surprise to be turned down by Christine Wenslow, but it was a bitter disappointment.

Frankly Casper Hopkins had admitted repeatedly to himself that there was no reason why the most beautiful girl in Waterford should look on him with favor. There were handsome suitors who hovered about her threshold, and when the good looks had been distributed Casper just had been absent, for he was a very plain-looking young man. There were athletes who aspired to her hand, and in physical dimensions and strength, Casper made a poor showing, for he was a rather runty-looking specimen of mankind. There were sleek men's sons who wooed the fair maiden, and here again Casper did not shine, for his future was wrapped up in a shoe store in which he expected to buy an interest some time soon.

But he had hoped against hope, and now his heart was broken. Having received the fatal answer, he turned from Christine and slowly, with eyes downcast, approached the door of her home, which he vowed he never would darken again once he stepped out into the dark world.

"Casper!" Her voice arrested him as he was turning the knob.

Christine sat on a davenport, in a dejected posture, looking at him with lack-luster eyes.

"Will you come here, Casper?" she said. "I will explain some things to you. I intended keeping it from you, but I feel it is due you. You have been very nice to me."

He sat on the davenport beside her.

"I will not mind words," she told him, speaking rapidly. "The fact is, Casper, I am about to offer myself for sale."

"You—you—" Casper stammered, unable to believe his ears.

"I am about to offer myself for sale," she repeated. "Casper, I do not wish to appear conceited, but there are several young men who wish me to marry them, and I shall accept one—for one thousand dollars cash. I need the money. Father, you know, is in the hospital, and the only thing that will save his life is an operation that will cost the amount I have mentioned. It will not be the first time such a plan has been used. I read in the newspapers recently about a New York girl who made a similar offer, with a similar purpose in view, and that gave me the idea. The only assets we have are some worthless mining stock, this home which father has always lived in—and me. I am going to sell myself.

Goodby."

Casper went out, walking in a trance of misery. It was Sunday, and his services were not required at the shoe store where he was employed; so he set out for a long walk in the woods. He scarcely knew where he wandered, his thoughts were so busy. His dream was shattered, his heart broken; and he cared little what happened. To think of the girl he worshipped becoming the bride of a man she did not love—for one thousand dollars!

By the time Casper had walked three hours there was a different light in his eyes, expressive of a combination of determination and desperation.

With hurried steps he made his way to the house where he roomed and boarded. From a drawer of his dresser he brought a bank book, which he opened. Seated on the edge of the bed, he stared at an array of figures, smiling grimly.

"She's going to sell herself for a thousand dollars," he mused. "Very well, I will buy her myself. I love her and I hate just as much right to her as any of those rich men."

Tears threatened in Casper's eyes. It had taken him three years to save that thousand, and a great deal of pinching and scraping. He had in mind the purchase of an interest in the shoe store where he worked, and he had put off asking Christine to marry him until he had accumulated the necessary amount to go into business. Now, if he married Christine according to her own terms, it would mean starting all over again. But Casper's mind was made up. He wanted Christine, even if he had to buy her.

But Casper felt he should be unequal to the task of appearing in person to bid for Christine. So the next morning, before he went to work, he penned a brief note. He carried this to work with him, and when the bank was opened he drew out his funds and immediately transferred them to a checking account. Then he wrote a check for a thousand dollars and inclosed it with the note. He had exactly \$75 left to his credit in the bank.

With a peculiar feeling, something like giddiness, Casper dropped the note in a mail box and returned to his labors. That very night he received an answer from Christine, and in the envelope with the short epistle was his check.

"Dear Casper," ran the missive, "I am returning your check for I cannot accept your offer. You must see that it is impossible for me to marry you. We never could be happy after such an arrangement. A man could not love a wife he bought, and she would be miserable. I do not expect to be happy, but there is no reason why you should share my misery. Besides, you need the money. I will not let you sacrifice yourself this way. It will take to be some else."

At first Casper felt angry but, this feeling did not last. Instead of the lack of determination and desperation that had been saluting from his eyes, there gradually appeared a light of mingled resignation and self-sacrifice.

That night he mailed another note to Christine, along with the check. The note said:

"You are right, Christine. We would not be happy—but there is another way out for you. I am sending the check again, and it is not to be considered as your purchase price. I am lending you the money, and you may pay it back whenever you are able. Thus, you will not have to marry under the circumstances you have decided upon. I have no hope of ever making you my wife, but I can at least manifest my love in a material way by financing your father's operation."

Casper heard nothing from Christine for several days. Then, one morning, she called him on the telephone.

"Casper," she said, "I have changed my mind. If you will come up this evening I will accept your offer."

Wonderingly, undecided whether to be happy or disappointed, Casper called on Christine that evening. He loved Christine as much as ever, but he questioned whether such a commercial transaction could turn out well. He accepted her theory in that respect, and had resigned himself to what appened the inevitable.

Christine met him with sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow.

"Sit down, Casper," she said, "and I will make an explanation somewhat different from the other one you listened to here."

"To be frank, I was angry when I first received your check. I had concluded your love for me too deep to yield to such a business-like proposition. However, when I thought it over I was able to put your viewpoint, and to see that you felt you were being cheated. Even then, though, I could not accept you—for a very good reason. Rather I would have married any one else; so I returned your check."

"When you sent it again I felt different. I realized that you were simply trying to save me, and I can tell you I certainly admired the spirit you displayed. But it put me in a quandary. I could not accept the money even as a loan, for there was no prospect that I ever could repay you, but I decided to keep the check this time—until I could think it over further."

She unfolded a paper she had been secreting in the palm of a hand and presented it to him. It was his check for a thousand dollars.

"I am returning it again, Casper, because I do not need it. Providence has taken a hand in my behalf. Over night the mining stock which I held trebled in value, due to the discovery of a rich vein close to it, and this morning I disposed of it for fifteen hundred dollars."

"But I thought," said Casper, "that you said you would accept my offer."

"So I do," she smiled. "I accept your offer of marriage, but without any money involved. Casper, I have loved you all along, and it was as hard to give you up as it was for you to abandon the idea of having me, Casper. I am yours—but I am not for sale."

NO LONGER FEAR THE YEARS

Women as a Class Are Now Putting the Age-Old, Silly Conventions Behind Them.

—Perhaps women who are not at all sensitive about their age are still in a minority. But their number is growing. In almost any gathering where women chatter pleasantly and with some interest about things which interest them you find at least one woman who cheerfully admits that she is not thirty-five, but forty-five, or that it is a very long time since she was thirty.

One of the tragic conventions which have helped to wreck women's lives is this stupid tradition that at any given age a woman gets old. Years ago most women celebrated their thirtieth birthdays with a sense of depression. With greater common sense, women at last began to see that even after thirty they might enjoy life, and that the games and amusements and joys which are possible at twenty are no less possible at forty.

Today there lingers this ancient superstition that if you have reached a certain age you must not admit the fact. But it will not endure long. Now that we hear of a woman of ninety playing really remarkable golf, of women past fifty banding themselves together in ebony fashion as golfing veterans, of women of every and any age enjoying life, it will become unfashionable to conceal woman's age.—London Mail

Canadian Trees for Egypt.

Egypt has just placed one of the largest orders for manufactured lumber ever secured by British Columbia. Cablegrams have been received by Vancouver banks confirming the purchase of 24,000,000 feet of railway ties which was placed by an Alexandria firm, acting as agent for the government of Egypt. One-third of the order will be rushed forward by two special steamers of the Canadian government.

—She Was Sensitive.

"How did Miss Thyme happen to leave your organization?"

"Why, last winter we girls went on strike and when we asked Miss Thyme to act as a pleket she—or took a fence, so to speak."—Boston Transcript.

Remarkable Prehistoric Caves.

Tunnels and passages, measuring about twenty miles in length, cut in the solid chalk 90 feet below the surface, are to be found in the famous prehistoric caves at Chislehurst, Kent, England.

One of the Mysteries.

Why is it that a barber always seems to take particular delight in brushing a man's hair the way he doesn't like it?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Letter of Human Kindness, E.H. English Paper—Plain cook wanted for the country. One who can milk a cow and a Christian preferred. Boston Transcript.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

LAST OF THE MOHICANS

By J. FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by Thomas D. Connolly

Hardy had Washington Irving begun the career with his *Huckleberry* History and the Sketch-book which made him the first American man of letters to achieve an international reputation, when he was joined in that pleasant embrace by James Fenimore Cooper.

Irving wrote on the traditional lines of English literature. Cooper found something new. He presented the recent but romantic part of his own country on land and sea, and he introduced to the world the fauna of the noble red man, with the glamour of mystery which the unknown always adds to romance. He is much more read today than Irving; his hold in foreign lands is particularly strong, probably due to the fact that his style could only be improved by translation. The thrill that comes from a wholesome story of adventure has a lure for all humanity, as have brave deeds of daring.

The *Red Rover*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pilot*, *The Two Admirals*, *The Pioneers*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Leather-Stocking Tales*, are some of his books most familiar, but everyone has his own particular taste in adventure. Bon voyage to the young in heart who have yet to meet James Fenimore Cooper.

IN THE third year of the war between France and England in North America, news came to Fort Edward, where lay General Webb with 8,000 men, that Montcalm was advancing on Fort William Henry, held by the veteran Scotchman, Munro. Webb, instead of going to the assistance of Munro, sent him a scant handful of men.

Munro's daughters, Cora and Alice, determined to visit their father despite the danger. Capt. Duncan Heyward, deeply in love with Alice, offered to serve as their escort. The party, set out by little-frequented paths, guided by an Indian, Le Renard Subtil, or Magua, as he was known to his tribe. An eccentric slugging master, David Gamut, attached himself to the party, despite Heyward's protests.

As the unsuspecting travelers passed through the thick forests a savage face glared at them from a thicket. Magua was leading the party into a trap.

Two men sat by the banks of a small stream about an hour's journey from Fort Edward. One, a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, had a terrifying emblem of death painted upon his naked breast. The other, tall, with the lithe muscles of the woodsman, was white.

"Listen, Hawkeye," said the Indian. "We Moheans came and made this land ours. Then came the Dutch, and gave us the fire-water. Then they parted with their land. Now I, a pale and a Sagamore, have seen the sun shine except through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers. And my son, Uncas, the last of the tribe, is the last of the Moheans."

As his name was mentioned, Uncas slipped into view, and seated himself gravely by the side of his father, Chingachgook.

Almost immediately the little caravan came from Fort Edward came into view. Heyward, addressing Hawkeye, inquired as to their whereabouts, explaining that their Indian guide had lost his way.

"An Indian lost in the woods?" said the scout in perplexity. "I should like a look at the creature."

He crept stealthily into the thicket, to return after a moment, his suspicions fully confirmed. Explaining to Heyward that the Indian had tried to trap the party, he outlined a plan for the capture of the traitor. But, as they stood upon him, Magua dashed his spear through the Indian's back, and Heyward and Hawkeye in hot pursuit.

Cora, knowing the fate that lay before her, suddenly refused to move from the ledge on which she stood.

"Woman!" cried Magua, raising his knife, "choose—the wigwam or the knife of Le Subtil!"

As he spoke, Uncas thudded down beside him, having jumped from a fearful height to the ledge. Magua, a ferocious smile on his dusky face, plunged the knife into the body of his prostrate enemy. While Magua gloated over the dying Uncas, one of his companions snatched his knife from Cora's bosom.

With a wild cry of triumph, Magua, after leaping a wide fissure, made for the summit of the mountain. A single bound would carry him to the brink of the precipice and assure his safety.

He shouted defiantly: "The pale-faces are dogs! The Delawares, women! Magua leaves them on the rocks for the crows!"

He turned and leaped for the height, but fell short, and only saved himself by grasping a bush that grew from the side of the mountain. As he slowly pulled himself up, Hawkeye's rifle cracked from below. Magua, shaking his hand in defiance of his enemy, shot downward to destruction.

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Matches Once a Cent Apiece.

Matches were first sold in the United States in 1851 for 1 cent each.—Indianapolis News.

Wanted to Know.

Willie—Say, ma, do the jellyfish get their jelly from the ocean currents?—Boston Transcript.

Honey Bees.

The working bee lives six months, the drone four months and the female bee four years.

This May Not Be a Discovery.

Ecclesit is like money. We always think someone else has too much of it.

Their stay at the fort was brief, however, for Munro, his forces having

outnumbered by those of Montcalm, was forced to capitulate. Montcalm promised that the defenders of the fort should be permitted to depart for Fort Edward, and guaranteed that they should not be molested. Munro agreed, and the English abandoned the stronghold.

As the women and children were filing across the plain before the fort an Indian reached out for a trinket on the breast of a woman who bore a child in her arms. Affrighted, the woman drew back, whereupon the Indian seized the child and dashed it to the ground, then buried his tomahawk in the head of the woman. In an instant the Indians of Montcalm's army fell upon the helpless women and children. Death was everywhere, and in horrible forms.

Suddenly Magua caught sight of Cora and Alice, who stood helpless by the pile of slain. He seized the terrified girls, and hurried them into the woods. Gamut, whom the Indians venerated as one immune, was permitted to accompany them.

A few days later Hawkeye and his Indian companions, with Heyward and Munro, stood on the bloody plain. They had searched carefully for the bodies of the girls, but without success. Hawkeye, certain that Magua had carried them off, searched diligently for the trail. Suddenly they found it, and the little party set off after the wily Magua.

The trail led to an Indian village, where they came upon Gamut, ludicrously attired as an Indian warrior. Heyward, disguised as a medicine man, entered the camp with Gamut. He had been in the encampment but a short while when an old chief requested him to drive the evil spirit from the wife of one of his young men. As Heyward was preparing for the unwelcome task, an Indian was brought into the camp, and all thought of the woman vanished at the news that the prisoner was Uncas, deadly foe of the tribe.

Soon, as the excitement over the capture subsided, the old chief, remonstrated with the Indians, who had been so eager to kill the captive, for the killing of Uncas.

Something in the bear's gait aroused the scout's suspicion. Putnam obeyed the general's orders. He challenged three times and then fired. A loud groaning and struggling noise followed and when the scout rushed forward he found the bear in its death agony.

Then he turned the animal over. Enclosed in the shaggy skin, still clutching a tomahawk but stone dead, lay a great Indian.

The mystery was solved. The other sentinels had believed it was a real bear they heard and allowed the daring warrior to get near enough to use his tomahawk before they learned their mistake. No more sentinels disappeared.

Some time after this event, Putnam

was captured by the Indians, who started to burn him at the stake. Just as the flames began to scorch his buckskin garments, a heavy rain began to fall and put out the fire. The savages collected more dry wood and again began the torture. But again they were foiled.

A French officer appeared upon the scene, dashed through the ring of flame, kicked the blazing brands right and left and released the scout, telling the Indians that he must send Putnam to Montreal to be questioned by General Montcalm. Putnam was held in Canada until an exchange of prisoners allowed him to return to his home and he lived to become a famous general in the Revolution.

Magua, although keeping Alice with his own tribe, had entreated the care of Cora to a friendly tribe of Delaware. Immediately after the escape of Alice, he hurried to the encampment of the Delawares to claim Cora. By Indian law, the girl was his captive, and he bore her away, despite the intervention of Uncas, a hereditary chief of the tribe.

As soon as he had vanished in the forest, the tribe, under the leadership of Uncas, prepared to follow him and war against his people. In their hideous war panoply they hurried on Magua's trail.

A bloody battle was fought between the two Indian tribes and the forces of Le Renard Subtil crushingly defeated. Seeing

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Manufacturing Street, near Thayer.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

SEE EXHAUSTION OF RADIUM

Many Authorities Believe There Will Be None Remaining in About Twenty-Five Years.

Some authorities predict that, 25 years from now, there will be no radium left in the world. By that time, it is claimed, all available ores of this wonderful mineral will have been used up.

The so-called radium emanations are supposed to be electrified particles—though just what these particles are nobody knows. They do not seem to be identifiable in any kind of matter. But after being given off, they seem to be electrically charged and assume the form of helium.

There is a case altogether extraordinary, in which one element is actually transmuted into another element—a phenomenon which has hitherto been thought impossible.

Helium was first discovered in the sun. It was later found in our own atmosphere, which contains a minute percentage of it. Natural gas from some wells in Texas and elsewhere yields considerable quantities of it—so much in certain instances that, being noninflammable, it renders the gas less useful as fuel.

Is it to be imagined that all of the existing helium was originally derived from radium? Nobody can answer that question.

GOSSIP FORM OF INSANITY?

City Authorities Who Have Dealt With the Problem Are Strongly of That Opinion.

Men and women who gossip, said Dr. E. H. Bullock of Chicago, city health director, cannot be in their right mind, and should be given the closest attention to get them back to normal. They have been called "assassins of character," and E. O. J. Jenkins, a psychologist and secretary to the board of police commissioners, Chicago, says, in the Detective, February, 1921, that the neighborhood gossip and the anonymous letter writer have one of the nastiest, lowest and most vicious forms of insanity known to medical circles. Their distorted imagination visualizes scenes which they would have come true, and their insane mind immediately grasps the story and they repeat it as if it were true.

Gossip and anonymous letters, says the New York Medical Journal, are a constant pest at police headquarters, but reports registered with police officers in an attempt to injure character by these means or false telephone reports are a failure; in fact, the police take more pleasure in tracking the informer than the one informed about.

Latest in Slang.
The next time you are threatened with a legacy, don't cross your fingers. When you have on your best frock, and want to keep the rain god in a happy mood, don't carry an umbrella. If you tear your Sunday trousers climbing a barbed wire fence don't say "ishabibble."

Of course you have to say something, when you are surprised, or pleased, don't give a hang, doubtful, amazed or vexed. However, instead of the proverbial "go on," "damn," "Gimme," "je gods" and others, the Chinese have provided a new word, which is being taken up by the smartest buds from coast to coast, and the beauty of it is that you can express any emotion under the sun with just this one word, "Moskee."

So "Moskee" it is now, no matter what happens, if you want to be right there with the last word in proper slang. It suits any situation, so don't fear. Use it whenever and wherever you like. It means just whatever you want it to mean.

Useful on a Long Walk.
Nature's most ardent lovers cannot enjoy long tramping over hills, fields and country roads, if a blister on the foot has presented itself. A simple remedy, often marvelously beneficial, comes from the old country, namely the use of a cabbage leaf. Cut a piece of the cool leaf larger than the painful area. Then place it over the spot and fix down the borders with stamp paper. If the cabbage plaster is applied flat it will not seriously hamper the putting on of the stocking and shoe. A wonderful sense of relief is experienced, and it is possible to continue the walk without pain. Of course it is little rest can be taken after the cabbage leaf has been placed on the painful part so much the better.

Where Men Must Marry.
An anti-bachelor bill introduced into the Turkish parliament makes marriage compulsory for men over twenty-five. Defaulters will be fined a quarter of their earnings, which will be deposited in agricultural banks to help peasants to marry. No adult citizen may be a bachelor. Gifts of land, houses, and state education for children set aside as rewards for marriage, with a penalty of hard labor for a continual bachelor.

SUMMER IS EXCELLENT TIME TO EXTERMINATE MANY HOG PESTS



Medicated Hog Wallows Are Much Liked by Animals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Thousands of dollars' worth of good hog feed goes every year to the feeding of hoggy mites and lice. It is shown by report to the United States Department of Agriculture. That is to say, after the hogs have fed on the corn and other forage and put it in the way of becoming bacon, bacon or side pork, the parasites swarming over the animals' bodies take their toll and reduce the swine's flesh through discomfort and disease. These parasites are more numerous and active in cold weather, when the hogs are thick, but summer is an excellent time to exterminate the pests that remain over the winter.

Hogs Like to Wallow.

The instinctive habit of the hog to wallow in water when the weather is warm may be taken advantage of in applying treatment for external parasites, department experts say. By medicating the water in properly constructed wallows, remedies for lice and mange may be applied in a satisfactory manner with a minimum expenditure of money, time and labor. If the results from the use of medicated wallows are to be satisfactory, however, it is necessary to consider the nature and habits of the animals to be treated and plan accordingly.

If conditions are such that hogs may exercise choice in the matter, they invariably select shallow water in which to wallow. If the nostril can be kept above the surface easily, the hog will lie down on its side and roll, then get up and repeat the operation on the other side until the entire body is wet.

The proper depth of liquid in the wallow depends upon the size and number of hogs using the wallow. For pigs weighing from 40 to 80 pounds, the wallow should be charged with liquid to the depth of about 3 inches. For hogs from 80 to 150 pounds, 4 inches is sufficient. The medicated liquid should never be so deep that the hogs are afraid to lie in it. For a number of hogs of varied sizes, a depth of from 3 to 4 inches is most practicable. No medicine should be added until the hogs have had three or four days to get accustomed to the wallow. It should not be kept medicated for more than about 48 hours at a time, as the hogs can get well soaked in that time, and constant application is liable to irritate the skin. After that, medicaments may be added at intervals of a week or ten days.

Simple Remedy as Effective.

Crude petroleum is one of the simplest remedies that can be obtained for the purpose, and is the only one that will eradicate both lice and mange with one treatment. No heating equipment is necessary and any kind of reasonable good water can be used. The oil apparently does not injure the animals if the freshly oiled hogs receive proper care and attention. Unprocessed crude oil, as it comes from the wells, is probably the most effective crude oil dip. However, processed crude petroleum, known to the trade as fuel oil, which is the residue from manufacturing gasoline and other light hydrocarbons, is commonly used and is effective in eradicating lice and mange. As a rule, the thinner the processed crude oil, the better it is for a dip or wallow.

In using oil in wallows, about one pint for each pig or one quart for each grown hog is recommended. This can best be determined by observing whether the pigs use the wallow and whether their bodies become well coated with oil. If all are not well coated, add more oil to the wallow. The oil will make the water distasteful enough so the hogs will not try to drink it.

Hog wallows are comparatively easy of construction. For best results, they should be of concrete, sufficiently large to accommodate the number of pigs in the inclosure, and with one side sloping to give easy access.

The oil floating on the surface of the water limits or prevents evaporation, and the water if exposed to the sun during the day soon becomes so warm that hogs will not lie in it. If the wallow is exposed to the direct rays of the sun during summer months so that the hogs will not lie in it, it is advisable to construct a shade over it and the oil should be added in the evening. Oil added after sundown is usually carried out on the bodies of the hogs before noon the next day.

A shady, well-ventilated place should be provided for freshly oiled hogs. All wallows should be drained and cleaned as often as necessary to keep them and the surroundings in good sanitary condition. It is very important that the wallow be properly constructed and cared for; otherwise it will soon get into a filthy and insanitary condition.

Stopping a Hemorrhage.

Dr. F. C. Hilgenberg has a novel method of stopping hemorrhage. Writing in the *Beträger Zur Klinischen Chirurgie* (Tübingen) he describes cases in which he cut a piece of muscle from near the site of the hemorrhage, used it as a plug or patch and sewed it into place, always stopping the flow of blood. He thinks there is some chemical action in addition to the mechanical effect.

Hog lice do not live long when separated from the animal, but as a precautionary measure all small inclosures which have contained lousy hogs should be cleaned and disinfected before being used for a new lot of hogs.

The litter and manure should be removed and the floors cleaned, after which the woodwork and floors should be sprayed with a good disinfectant.

Apple blossoms in August are rarely seen, but a spray of the fragrant pink flowers was brought into Worcester, Mass., recently from William H. Hastings' farm in Boylston. These blossoms are from a graft growing on the southwestern side of the tree.

SHORT SKIRTS-- STRAIGHT LINES

Buyers Are Cleaving to Trailing Present Fashions for Winter Wear.

WOOL SHAWLS TO BE WORN

Spanish Wrap to Hold Favor Coming Season Are Embroidered, Graceful and Charming—Radium Silk for Lingerie.

The styles of today are on their way to make room for the styles of tomorrow. At this season of the year we are in the painful process of transition, but the wise ones will watch the signs of the times to see how some fashions will survive and others be cast into the discard. Just now, says

New York fashion writer, we hear some hardened skeptics saying that women will never depart from adopting extreme fashions to make themselves conspicuous, or some such antique theory as that. But there are others who assert that the short-haired girl has come to stay, because that way of dressing her locks is more practical and that the corsetless figure, with its straightening clothes, is with us for life, for the same reason, who knows? If we red women, we must needs conform to the changes in fashion, whatever our inclination. And most of us incline to conform. We get that peculiar feminine thrill out of a new frock which no other proceeding on earth can bring with it.

Buying for Winter.

Western buyers are putting in their first stocks for winter. They are cleaving to short skirts and to straight lines. But this is always the way of this period of the season. They follow closely in the trail of present fashions, as any wild flights of fancy might lead them into untold paths of loss and unpopularity. The duty, and, yes, the desire, of the New York public is to go on beyond, creating new types of fashion which, in their turn, will be followed just as mediocrities by others next season.

The success of the spring coat and the adaptability of the one-piece dress has joined hands, the two making their autumn bow as a coat dress. Of course, we have had coats dresses before this, but the predictions are that they will be more brilliant achievements this coming season. News from Paris indicates that we are following the lead right here, for many of the wholesalers have reported that sales in this particular direction are going strong.

A new slogan-night ho: "It is the belt that makes the gown," for in many instances all else—in plain, and the winding around the waist becomes the center of the design of the whole frock. All sorts of fancy ribbons and braidings are brought into play for this form of decoration. Then there are cords, gators, and strings of beads and

in this particular direction are going strong.

Prices are dropping to something approaching normal. Materials are far less costly than they were, and consequently ready-to-wear garments are coming down in sympathy with necessities as well as luxuries.

In Paris the impudent girls at the races have been wearing skirts that are very full and very long and looped out around the bottom after the Spanish manner. As yet they shy at the ladies on the Paris streets are not indulging in this fashion, but if the models are doing it, then we have reason to take notice that this may be accepted style for autumn.

signs, and combining them to make some of the best-looking wraps that have been devised for many a long day. Women are accustomed to regard their evening wraps as the most colorful of their adornments, and, by this new development of fashion, they will lose not a jot in regard to smart and becoming embellishment.

In the mountains, on the golf course, in fact, when indulging in outdoor sport of any kind, one wonders why ladies do not wear "knickerbockers." They look so free and much more modest than the short, tight skirts, which

are the most popular of all the golfing attire.

HOW

FRENCH PHYSICIAN ENDED WOMAN'S LONG TRANCE.

The remarkable case of a woman who remained in a trance five years, and the unusual methods by which she was restored to normalcy, were related recently by Dr. Pierre Janet, leading French neurologist, at the annual meeting of the American Neurological Association. This was the first time that Doctor Janet had made public the unusual case, which was extremely interesting to the neurologists because of the extraordinary period in which the woman was apparently unconscious.

Doctor Janet said that the patient, a woman of twenty-one, had first lost power of memory when she was thirteen, but had quickly recovered from them. During the war she suddenly became unconscious. Forced feeding was restored to and for many months her usual faculties were apparently dormant.

Once the hospital in which she was lying was bombed by German airplanes, and a bomb exploding just outside the window did not cause her to move a muscle. Doctor Janet was finally able to hypnotize the patient and learned that she had unconsciously retained mental impressions of some of the incidents of the hospital.

Later she was taught to eat by laying food beside her bed at night. In the end Doctor Janet said, he re-established the patient's connection with the outside world by establishing a system of clandestine correspondence with her. Letters, Doctor Janet said, which he left for the woman were soon answered with regularity.

From this time, he said, she began to take an interest in outside affairs, and in a comparatively short period she regained apparently complete mental control of herself. She is now, Doctor Janet said, in apparent good mental and physical health,

UTILIZES ITS STORED ENERGY

How the Camel Is Enabled to Go Without Food for Comparative Lengthy Periods.

Popular notion has it that the camel can go for weeks without water; but this is an exaggeration, and the camel's powers of endurance are far greater in regard to food than in regard to drink, writes Lieutenant Barnes in *Chamber's Journal*.

A camel can continue without drinking for about four days; then, if it cannot obtain drink, it pines and dies. It may not last as long if the heat is great. This power of endurance lies in the peculiar formation of the camel's stomach, which is lined with coils in which the camel stores his water and utilizes it when necessary. This storehouse of water is known to Arabs, who, if they are in danger of dying from thirst, often kill the beast and thus save their own lives.

The camel can endure longer without food than without drink. His hump is composed entirely of fat which he has stored away. If the time is such that he cannot obtain nourishment, he draws on this storehouse of energizing fat. After a long journey, a camel's hump is very perceptibly smaller, sometimes vanishing entirely.

But as soon as food is again taken into the stomach the hump again becomes the storehouse of fat for use when another emergency shall arise.

Radium Silk for Lingerie.

As one of the necessary attributes of lingerie just now is that it shall be non-transparent, the artists who are designing the newer models have taken radium silk into the scheme of their calculations, and with some very attractive results. It is presented in the lighter pastel shades and, when made on the simple, prescribed lines and trimmed with some bits of hand-made lace and ribbons to add to its charm, it appears a real creation.

Especially are the long chemises good in this material, as they are often called upon to do duty for patients as well. Handkerchief linen is used, too, for the counter pieces of underwear. It resists silk and holds itself in a quite superior class.

One of the events of Paris is the *Salon de l'Opera*, and this season, they say, the costumes and the colors and the designs were lovelier than ever they had been in the past. As for color, the fuchsia shades and royal purple, with royal red, were the favorites, being so brilliantly beautiful that it is believed they may set the color note for the smart ones of the season.

There were numbers upon numbers of long, looped skirts, and the domino costumes were so exquisitely fashioned that they offered all sorts of suggestions for the capes, especially as to the collar shapes, which have already been handled sparingly. Lace was made up in every sort of guise, and an astonishing number of the hats were done in cloche shape.

The new idea is to make many of the sleeves long and straight and wide, set into armholes that almost succeed in reaching the waistline.

Rank Ingratitude.

"The professor of political economy made an inexcusable blunder in his classroom this morning."

"What was it?"

"He asked Snubbs, our star halfback, a question."

"And Snubbs couldn't answer it, I suppose!"

"Certainly not. The idea of embarrassing the greatest ground gainer we've had on the team in ten years!"

—*Birmingham Age Herald*.

Why People Laugh.

Certain things in the world, whether they are funny, ludicrous, or things that produce the laughing effect, cause the brain to work certain muscles and nerves in a combination that produces a laugh. It is like a musical instrument. When a combination of notes is struck, it produces sad or joyful tones. In the same way, the impression sent to the brain will start the proper combination and instantly the brain sends out the "laugh" order.

Some things make some people laugh, while they do not affect others. That is because our brains are not always the same, in regard to received impressions.

Rough Collar.

Many people are troubled with a rather roughness at the edge of the collar that has paid many visits to the laundry. Rub the edge with a piece of paraffin wax and the collar can be worn with comfort. The wax does not soil the collar.

Children Ory

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, Sept. 30, 1871

Redwood Library—Among the objects of which Newport has to boast are the many buildings and institutions which have stood the varied changes of time, and among the latter the Redwood Library and Athenaeum holds a prominent place, for there are few institutions of like character in the country that have been so long kept up to the standard of the Redwood, organized in 1739, as a Society for the promotion of science and general literature. The gentlemen met weekly for the discussion of questions connected with its interests. In 1747 Henry Collins presented the Company with the lot of land on which the building, copied from an Athenian temple, stands, and when it was completed, books to the value of \$2500 were presented by Abraham Redwood. Many of the books were carried away by the British at the close of the Revolution, but in 1818 the Library contained 2500 volumes. Since then there has been a gradual increase to the number until now, there are 18,232 volumes. Many of them being long since out of print are now of great value. The 141st annual meeting of the corporation was held on Wednesday afternoon when the following officers were elected: President Wm. C. Cozzens, Vice President Edward King, Director, Charles H. Russell, Sidney Brooks, Augustus N. Littlefield, John T. Bush, Henry F. Turner, Wm. P. Shattuck, Chas. T. Brooks, Hamilton Hoplin, Charles H. Malcom, William M. Mercer, Nathan H. Gould, Richard Cornell, Charles C. Van Zandt, Wm. A. Clark, Robert J. Taylor, Samuel Engs, Geo. A. Hammitt, James T. Rhodes, Geo. W. Gibbs, Seth W. Macy, Francis Brinley, Wm. Gilpin, John Carter Brown, Geo. P. Wetmore, Austin L. Sands, Librarian Benj. H. Rhoades. (These were all prominent Newport men of their day, the last survivor of which was George Peabody Wetmore, whose sudden death on Sunday, Sept. 11, is mourned by people in general.)

The series of bronze bas relief intended to encircle the base of the monument to Commodore Matthew C. Perry on Mount Hope Park, have been completed. They portray four of the most important scenes in the life of that noble and distinguished son of Rhode Island. The first scene represents his landing in Japan in 1852. The second portrays the signing of the treaty. The third represents the capture of Tabasco in 1847 by Commodore Perry, and the remaining scene covers a period in the Commodore's life when, cruising on the coast of Africa, he captured several slavers.

It is estimated that America, when her productive power is fully developed, will be able to feed four times as many persons as there are now on the face of the earth.

There are now lying at the wharves in New Bedford 81 whaling vessels. A Milwaukee woman, whose husband had been persecuted to death by a creditor, married the creditor and persecuted him to death in less than six months. Time sets all things even.

A culprit 80 years old has been sentenced to the Richmond State Prison for 25 years. Would the sentence for life been punishment enough?

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 12, 1896

Mr. George T. Finch of New York has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Joshua Sayer, this week.

Redwood Lodge, R. of P., celebrated its 25th anniversary last evening.

Cards are out for the marriage of ex-Councilman Michael A. McCormick and Miss Helen Loretta Maher, at St. Mary's Church, Wednesday evening, September 23rd.

The anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie was duly observed on Thursday. The town was decorated and a salute was fired by the Artillery Co. Governor Lippitt and staff assisted in the celebration of Perry's victory at the celebration at Cleve Land, Ohio, on Thursday, and yesterday went to Canton to call upon the next President of the United States.

Mercury, September 19, 1896

An Oakland, California, despatch of the 14th inst., says that Rev. Dr. Charles W. Wendle, formerly of this city, now President of the Humanistic Society of Oakland, is seriously advocating the astounding doctrine that it is right to put to death the incurably sick and diseased. He believes that the world would be rid of much misery if all incurables were killed.

Mr. Peter King and his son, Mr. Hamilton King, have returned from a two months' trip to England, Scotland and France.

Mercury, September 26th, 1896

The bathing pavilion on the beach at Narragansett Pier was totally destroyed by fire early Thursday morning.

Wednesday morning, William Austin and Louis Sissen left for Chicago on a bicycling journey. They propose to make the trip there and return by easy stages, and do not intend to spend more than \$25 each.

Mercury, October 3rd, 1896

On Saturday last some fifteen to twenty gentlemen met at the Historical Society's rooms and organized the Rhode Island Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution. Mr. W. Watts Sherman was elected President, Hon. Samuel P. Colt of Bristol and Hon. Henry L. Green of Warwick Vice Presidents.

A society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is to be formed in this city next week, to be known as the William Ellery Chapter.

The Newport Band Monday night serenaded Mr. Potter Palmer, Mr. Robert Goeltz, Mr. W. Watts Sherman, Mr. J. J. Van Alen, Mr. Gordon McRae, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mr. George F. Crandall, one of the best known citizens of Newport, died at the New Marlboro Hotel in Boston Tuesday night, from the effects of carbon monoxide gas. Mr. Crandall had lost the sense of smell and in all probability when he retired turned the stopcock too far.

Mercury, October 10, 1896

Rev. Emery H. Porter, chaplain of the Newport Artillery Co., preached the annual sermon to the Company on Sunday afternoon last. In the large audience which listened to the eloquent sermon were His Excellency Governor Lippitt and Mrs. Lippitt and many other prominent citizens of the State.

Rev. Dr. Magill of Trinity Church assumed charge of that parish last Sunday, after a year's vacation spent

abroad.

The anniversary of the birthday of the late Joseph M. Hammitt was observed last Saturday in accordance with the request in his will by a service for the inmates of the City Asylum.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Pensions there are now 37,000 pensioners on the rolls and they received last year \$138,214,000.

Corn will be burned for fuel this winter in many sections of Minnesota and South Dakota. Corn is \$2 a ton dearer than last year, while corn is selling at eleven cents a bushel.

ANIMAL PESTS
WORRY FARMERS

Sometimes Hard to Tell Which Are Useful and Which Are Nuisances.

MILLIONS FROM THEIR FURS

How Those Which Must Be Exterminated May Be Trapped, is Told in Bulletin of Biological Survey—Rats and Mice Worst.

Washington.—Practically every farm is overrun at times by pests of one kind or another. Farmers, therefore, find it necessary to kill such pests in order to prevent them from injuring their property or crops. Some he destroys by poison; others he eliminates by employing traps.

"The knowledge of the traits and habits of the animals," says Ned Dearborn in a bulletin of the Bureau of biological survey, "and of proved methods of capturing them is important if the farmer is to combat them successfully. Besides such out-and-out pests as rats, mice and pocket gophers, some other animals are occasionally harmless, but, having valuable skins and being classed as fur bearers, are given special consideration."

"The lively demand for all kinds of fur puts into the pockets of American trappers millions of dollars a year, which until the harvest has not cost them a single effort. Moreover, several of the furry tenants of the farmer not only are pests but are useful while alive. Foxes, for example, destroy many rabbits and mice, both of which, when abundant, are very destructive to fruit trees and crops. Skunks are exceedingly beneficial, for they feed almost entirely on mice, grasshoppers, crickets, white grubs and other farm pests. It is only in exceptional cases that either foxes or skunks attack poultry; it is far better to keep poultry in suitable inclosures or to kill the individual animal which is doing damage than to adopt a policy of general persecution toward the tribes to which the few offenders belong.

Excellent Mousers.

The food habits of other fur bearing animals are usually of less importance. Weasels are excellent mousers; shrews feed on frogs, fish, mice and other small animals, while raccoons and opossums eat, in addition to a wide variety of harmful small animals, many kinds of vegetable food of little or no value to man. Skunks are excellent trappers of mice, rats and pocket gophers.

In short, speaking generally, fur animals transform unvaluable and useless materials into valuable peltries without expense or attention on our part. They are doing this throughout the country. When the corn is in the crib and the landscape has been browned by frost, farm lads take down their traps with happy expectation and set out to gather unearned increments of fur.

The most destructive group of pests on the farm includes the small gnawing animals known as rodents. Among them are house rats and mice which have been brought to this country from the Old World, and several kinds of native rats, meadow mice, pine mice, white-tailed mice and pocket mice.

Ground squirrels of several kinds are found throughout the western states and in many localities are very destructive to forage and grain. Prairie dogs of the plains region, related to ground squirrels, also destroy a great deal of forage in the vicinity of their towns. Here and there woodchucks, or groundhogs, also related to field and garden crops. In mountainous and timbered regions porcupines are more or less destructive to orchard and other trees. These animals are all easy to trap, the main difficulty being that they frequently occur in great numbers.

Habits of Mice.

"House mice have a habit of following the walls of a room as they run about, and a trap placed behind a table leg or small object where mice naturally run need not be baited.

House rats are sometimes wary and difficult to catch in traps set in the ordinary way. A small steel trap set in a pan of bran or oats and carefully covered will usually catch the shyest of rats. It is well to scatter small pieces of meat or bread over the bran. Wild rats and mice may be trapped readily at the entrance to their burrows or in their runways, the traps and the manner of setting them being the same as employed in catching house rats and mice.

Prairie dogs, ground squirrels and woodchucks are usually caught in steel traps set at the entrance to their burrows. Sometimes it is not necessary to cover the traps, but as a rule it is advisable to press them well into the earth and cover them lightly with grass or leaves or whatever may be at hand.

Porcupines may be caught by means of an apple or carrot or a bit of green corn placed in a crevice behind a No. 2 or No. 3 uncovered steel

trap, as these animals are quite wary. They may also be caught in traps set at the entrances of their dens, which are often located in clumps. Cottontail rabbits are frequently destructive to young fruit trees and garden truck. They may be caught in traps baited with sweet apple, carrot or pumpkin. Where rabbits are abundant shelter traps are occupied by them more or less regularly during the day. A dog trained to hunt rabbits will give warning when one is inside a trap. To prevent the quarry's escape a stick with a disk at the end of it may be thrust into the entrance, after which the top of the trap may be opened and the animal caught in the hand. The skins and flesh of trapped rabbits are superior to those of rabbits which have been shot.

The Pocket Gopher.

"In many of the western states the rodent most destructive and most difficult to capture is the pocket gopher, which spends most of its life underground. Owing to its subterranean habits it has been found expedient to devise special kinds of gopher traps. In making its burrows, the gopher throws up on the surface of the ground the dirt it excavates. The trapper, opening a fresh mound, sets a gopher trap well within it and covers the opening behind the trap with a piece of sod, or whatever may be at hand.

Besides the rodents, which constitute the majority of farm and garden pests, there are certain other creatures which are sometimes obnoxious; among these are starlings, which too often destroy useful birds. In many localities one of the worst farm pests is the crow, which is often destructive to grain, eggs and young chickens. Crows may be caught in steel traps, carefully covered with soil and baited with whatever they are destroying—eggshells, for example. Such hawks and owls are destructive to game, but, excepting the ripening period."

KIEL SCENE OF DESOLATION

Allied Have Dismantled All Machinery, Viewed as Useful for War.

Kiel, Germany.—German-Americans who frequent the lodges of hotels in Berlin can often be heard remarking that Germany has won the war. If they were to visit Kiel and other German naval bases they would probably get a decidedly different impression. Nothing could be more complete than the desolation which hovers over Kiel harbor, formerly the pet war harbor of the German navy and probably the best haven in all Europe. All machinery which the Allies' commissions regarded as useful for war purposes has been dismantled.

In normal times Kiel had 50,000 naval officers, sailors and employees in the harbor all the time. Now the naval personnel is less than 3,000. The city, which formerly had a population of 280,000, has lost all of its great government ship yard and one-fifth of its population. Fort Falkenstein and the other batteries, which covered the battle entrance to the Kaiser William canal have been reduced to piles of crumbled concrete and twisted steel.

The naval academy is closed. An armed guard of 8 days has 80 less than 100 more naval officers. The attendance at the university has dwindled. The castle of Prince Henry overlooking the naval harbor has been taken over by the workmen for a club, and there are no warships in the magnificent waterway where the former Emperor William used to review his navy with pomp.

DOG SAVES ALPINE CLIMBER

Returns Home for Aid When Master Breaks Both Legs in Fall on Mountain.

Geneva.—The intelligence of his setter dog saved the French Alpineist, Morel, from certain death, when the climber, descending Voltron's Mountain, 4,873 feet, fell into a precipice breaking both legs. The dog found his way down the precipice to his master who, unable to move, wrote a message to his wife in Crosette village and tied it to the dog's collar, telling him to go home.

Six hours later help arrived and Morel was carried down the mountain to the village where a doctor was awaiting him. The dog conducted the rescue party up and down the mountain.

Woman Gets Verdict.

Iron River, Mich.—Mrs. Harry MacDermott of this city has been awarded \$4,000 in her suit in Circuit court against Harry E. Duff for injuries received when she was bitten by Duff's dog. The case is expected to be appealed to the Supreme court.

Changes Come With Years.

A young girl should always remember to the credit of her mother's judgment that "father" has changed considerably since he was a young man and "mother" married him.—Leavenworth Times.

Solar and Lunar Halos.

Dozens of distinct forms of solar and lunar halo have been classified. Some are very common, while others have been observed only once or twice in the history of science.

Vibrations of Earthquakes.

Earthquakes send out two sets of vibrations, one of which travels around the earth's surface, while the other takes a short cut through the interior of the globe.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says that whenever he commutes he wishes he was a boy again, so he could regard riding on a railroad train as a way to have a good time.

Lightning Flash Picks
Setting Hen's Bones

Winchester, Va.—A marvelous freak of lightning was reported by Mrs. Coleman Lane of Jefferson county, West Virginia, who declared that after lightning had struck a small pear tree near her chicken yard she went out to look after a hen whose eggs were soon to hatch. She found the lightning had run down the fence a short distance to the nest, and there was the skeleton of the hen in the exact position in which she had set upon the nest.

The bones were as clean as if they had been scraped, and the meat and feathers lay nearby not even scorched. None of the eggs had been cracked, but on close inspection a small hole was found in the end of each, and the inside of the shell burned out as clean as a new pin.

YUCATAN A RED STRONGHOLD

State Reported by Travelers to Be Headquarters for Moscow Propaganda.

Mexico City.—Travelers returning here from Yucatan describe that region as a socialist stronghold, with radicalism strongly entrenched, from the government down to the most minor office. Felipe Carrillo, member of the federal chamber of deputies, whose radicalism recently led to attempts to oust him, is the leader and in all probability will be elected governor next fall.

Although the radicals are divided into two groups they are united in the cause of communism. It is reported, and operate as the "League of Resistance." Membership cards of this organization are printed on flaming red paper and its letter heads are printed in red.

Yucatan at present is in a bad way economically, as there is practically no market for honey, the chief product of the state. The economic situation has given rise to numerous instances of lawlessness with occasional bloodshed.

In line with these facts is the report recently made to the government here that the communist congress which met in Moscow several months ago designated Yucatan as the headquarters for the propaganda work in Latin America.

STOLEN GEMS HURT MARKET

Stolen Russian Diamonds Ruin the Trade in Holland and England.

Amsterdam, Holland.—Steadily increasing unemployment in the Dutch diamond industry is causing some apprehension in business circles here. Last week the number of unemployed exceeded 7,000, and a considerable increase is expected in the near future.

Unfavorable news from the United States is having bad influence on the diamond market. It is hoped, however, that abundant American crops, followed as they probably will be by more active general business, will lead to some recovery in the demand for diamonds. The fact that sales are low in the American market may also lead to some American buying.

Messages from England attribute the poor trade in diamonds in the British and Dutch markets to the fact that many stolen Russian stones have been sold in various European cities. The larger number of these stolen Russian gems came by circuitous routes into the hands of Dutch dealers. Virtually all of them had to be regrinded. It is the belief among the initiated here that the market will not be normal again until these stolen stones have all been cleared off the market.

BRITISH YAWN CALMS POLES

"Really, I Must Go to Bed," Officer Tells Excited Mob in Silesia.

London.—A British yawn in the early hours of the morning calmed a crowd of excited Poles at Myslowitz, upper Silesia, according to the Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Express.

A British force entered the town one night to restore order. At 2 o'clock this morning a deputation woke the commanding officer from his bed and told him that they would fight by the side of the British against the Germans.

The officer, now in the street in his pajamas, yawned, as the late Duke of Devonshire is said to have done in the middle of a speech.

"Really," said the officer, "I must go back to bed again."

This example of British calm much impressed the Poles, who remained in the street quietly, save for the shouting of patriotic phrases.

Well, Now That's Settled.

Eldorado, Kas.—The old question of how many kernels of corn a rooster will eat after it has not been fed for twenty-four hours has been answered to the satisfaction of residents of the Leo community, near here.

A general merchandise store at Leon offered a prize of a pair of shoes to the person guessing the correct number. Mrs. N. S. Matthews of Leon won. Her guess was 235 grains. The rooster consumed 240.

Why the "Emerald Isle."

Because of the richness of its verdure, the term being first used by Dr. William Drennan, the author of "Glen Falloch" and other poems, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century.